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## Diary of the Week.

THE great strike in the Port of London, which wore a very threatening look at the beginning of the week, seems to be approaching settlement. At first both parties broke clean away from each other. The men demanded universal recognition of the Federation ticket and a general levelling-up of rates, and there were threats of a general strike of seamen, railway men, and the building trades. On the other hand, they accepted Sir Edward Clarke's report, which practically implied the dropping of the Federation ticket, and assented to the Government's proposal of a joint Conciliation Board representing the employers and employees, only requiring the recognition of the Transport Workers' Federation and the reinstatement of the strikers. On Wednesday, Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in the House of Commons, was able to announce a still more important concession. He produced a signed pledge from the officials of the Transport Workers' Federation, offering to provide "monetary guarantees to further the carrying out of agreements."

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This offer—which Mr. Bonar Law described as very important—is now to be submitted to the masters. At present their attitude is not conciliatory. They decline to accept Sir Edward Clarke's report. They virtually decline to reinstate all the men, and they are merely

willing to "consider" the Ministerial scheme for the reorganisation of the Port. Meanwhile, the Shipping Federation openly aim at "blackleg" labor. This policy—according to a correspondent of the "Times"—is fast stoking up the fires of a national strike. Mr. Holt declared that the London employers had rebuffed the suggestion of the Liverpool shipowners in favor of just such a Joint Committee as controls labor questions on the Mersey. But they will probably accept it if they can get their own "blacklegs" into the scheme. This difficulty, and not the relations between the Federated employers and their unionist workmen, which appear to have been fairly good, is the only obstacle to a settlement. The masters saw the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other members of the Government on Thursday, discussed the project of a Joint Conciliation Board, and promised an answer by Monday. The National Council of the Transport Workers' Federation again threatens a national strike, which, indeed, it appears to proclaim and to withdraw with each rising and setting sun. Its action, however, is more conciliatory than its words.

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THE election in North-West Norfolk has resulted in a decided rebuff of the attack on the Insurance Act, which the Opposition accept and applaud in Parliament and use in the constituencies as their main, almost their only, fighting weapon. Mr. Hemmerde, the Liberal, has been returned by a majority of 648, and though this compares unfavorably with the previous majority of 1,143, it represents, with one exception, the highest poll ever obtained by a Liberal candidate. When we remember that Sir George White was a household name through the constituency, the hero of four victories, and the leader of Eastern Counties Liberalism, Mr. Hemmerde's success is a sufficiently striking one. He won it, he assures us, on the land question, and his speeches were a close exposition of the policy of taxing land values. He also favored a minimum wage for the laborers and a large plan of housing reform. This policy overbore a remorseless campaign against the Insurance Act, conducted by a local landlord of great popularity.

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THE result has much disturbed the Tory Party, which counted on winning both this election and that in South Hackney. It is practically admitted that Tariff Reform was ignored or, as the "Morning Post" phrases it, "thrown into the property box." "If this," it adds, "is what the Head Office calls good political tactics, then we reply that what remains good and sound of the English electorate is repelled and dismayed by such tactics." On the other hand, Mr. Charles Bathurst—who, being a Tory county member, may be supposed to know what he is talking about—insists that the Liberals won the seat, first, on the "dread of food taxation," and, secondly, on "dissatisfaction with our landed system." He adds:

"Is this a fitting time to preach to the poor agricultural laborer with a wage, in Norfolk and some other purely agricultural areas, of from 13s. to 15s. per week (which buys less by at least 1s. than it did six years ago), the advantages of Colonial Preference, involving

a further tax upon food? No one who realises the straitened circumstances—the almost pathetic penury—of the worst-paid agricultural laborers and their families in England can conscientiously answer ‘Yes.’”

To complete the confusion, Mr. F. E. Smith complains in the “Oxford and Cambridge Review” of a Tory policy of “negation and inactivity,” and, with a faltering hand, re-nails Tariff Reform to the mast.

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FURTHER progress has been made with the projected railway across Persia, linking the Russian with the Indian railways. A conference has been held at the Board of Trade at which that Department, and also the Foreign Office and the India Office were represented, and is said to have removed “misunderstandings” between the English and the Russian “promoters.” The question is, however, where the British Empire comes in. The line has practically no commercial value for either Persia or this country. It is a mere through route, largely across desert. It will carry passengers to India in six or seven days, which will not profit our shipping industry, and it will help Russian goods into Southern Persia and India, which will not assist British merchants. Strategically and politically it is a revolution. It will bring a Russian army into India by the easiest and least defensible of all approaches, through Baluchistan. Since the days of Pitt, British frontier policy has been directed to one end—the keeping of Russia out of India. In the search for a military frontier against Russia we annexed the Valley of the Indus, we invaded Afghanistan, we fought innumerable border wars, we went to Lhasa, we made Southern Persia our wash-pot, we kept the Yemen in unrest, we held the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf in fee.

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SIR EDWARD GREY has now, we are afraid, reversed the tradition and annulled the labors of a century. By approving the Indo-Russian railway, he has abolished the desert, the sea, the Himalayas, and the Indus from among the bulwarks of India. That is, we believe, the opinion of our ablest military experts in India, who reject the notion that a break of gauge or the running of the line along the coast appreciably lessens the peril. A little band of capitalists may, indeed, gain a few odd millions, while the Russian Government may well be content to see India following the way of Khiva, Bokhara, and Persia.

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BUT the point is that this railway has never been discussed, still less approved, by Parliament. The Foreign Office cannot expect this Empire to open the gates of India to Russia without troubling to mention the matter, or include the gift of an Empire as part of the price England is to pay for Russian “friendship.” With the Foreign Office the Anglo-Russian understanding is an infatuation which drives it out of all reason and all calculation; but it is not so with the British people. Parliament must ask for an immediate explanation. This is not a question of party. The Opposition have approved the Anglo-Russian understanding, but they have never announced that we must sacrifice everything to it, including the defence of India. The greatest Indian authority in the Opposition ranks, Lord Curzon, has condemned the Indo-Russian railway. The hands of the Opposition are as free as are those of the Liberal Party, whose assent has never been sought and cannot be lightly given.

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THE general elections took place in Belgium on Sunday. The Parliament was dissolved, so that the

elections, instead of being partial, embraced the whole of the Senate and the Chamber. The dissolved Chamber included eighty-six Clericals, forty-four Liberals, thirty-five Socialists, and one Christian Democrat; but an additional twenty seats created under the Redistribution Act had to be filled. The Clericals had enjoyed office since 1886, but the Liberals and Socialists, who had united forces, were in high hopes this time of wiping out the Clerical majority of six. They fought the campaign with great spirit, and had splendid meetings. Their common programme was equal universal suffrage, national defence, old age pensions, and the lay school; but the burning question was education. The Liberals and Socialists are against subsidising private schools from public funds; the Clericals, like Mr. Balfour, want to put the Voluntary schools on the same financial footing as the State Schools.

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To the universal surprise, the Clericals scored a notable victory, and increased their majority to 16. In the new Chamber the Clericals number 101, the Liberals 45, the Socialists 38, the Christian Democrats 2. The Clericals won 11 of the new seats, the Liberals 6, and the Socialists 3. The Clericals gained heavily in Brussels and Liège. In the whole of Flanders the Left has only one seat, and the division between the Flemish and Walloon provinces stands out more sharply than ever. The defeat of the Left is due to the defection of timorous Liberals, frightened by the alliance of their Party with the Socialists, and indisposed to any change which might involve taxation. The election is eloquent of Belgian Conservatism, materialism, and indifference to social reform, as of Belgian bigotry. The result is a bitter disappointment to Liberal Belgium. There were disturbances at Brussels; at Liège riots in which several persons were killed; and many miners have struck. The Socialist Party has called a Special Congress for June 30th, to consider whether a general strike is to be called, but meanwhile urges quiet. If the Clericals attempt to force the Catholic schools upon the public funds, serious trouble is almost certain.

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MR. ASQUITH and the Lords of the Admiralty, after the usual reviews and the conference with Lord Kitchener, left in the “Enchantress” for Bizerta, where they spent a day. It was announced that full use is to be made of Malta as a naval base; it is to have a share of repairing and refitting work, and be kept capable of attending to the needs of any fleet. In the English press, the fatuous discussion of England’s naval future in the Mediterranean has died away; but the French press is all the busier with France’s future. France has now in the Mediterranean twelve battleships as against nine Austrian and Italian, and seven large cruisers against six Austrian and Italian. For some period, therefore, France will have more than a two-Power standard in the Mediterranean. According to the “Matin,” the French Government has resolved for the future to keep a two-Power standard in the Mediterranean, and, should either Austria or Italy increase her programme, to provide a corresponding increase in the French Mediterranean Fleet. The French have no doubt as to which Power is affected by Italy’s Tripoli adventure.

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THE chief witness on the “Titanic” Inquiry has been Mr. Ismay, who has made some remarkable admissions. Mr. Ismay denied that he had interfered with the navigation, and declared that he was a “simple passenger.” But he stated that it had been arranged to raise the “Titanic’s” engines from a speed of sixty-eight

to seventy-eight revolutions, and that he had suggested to one of the White Star officials at Queenstown that "we might have an opportunity of running her at full speed if the weather was fine." Asked whether it was desirable to slow down on approaching ice, he first hesitated, then said "No," and finally stated that the captain might go at full speed by day or by night if he could see far enough to clear the ice. He also defended the high speed on the ground that it was a proper object to get as fast as possible out of the ice area, which is equivalent to saying that it is expedient to run a "taxi" at full speed so as to get out of the block at Piccadilly Circus.

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On the other hand, he denied that he told a lady passenger that they would "put on more boilers to get out of it." He conceded that he knew when he took to the boats that the "Titanic" was sinking, and that there were hundreds of people on board who must go down with her. On the following day, Mr. Ismay admitted that, when the "Titanic" struck the iceberg, she was within one knot of her maximum speed. Furthermore, it appears that an official sailing book, issued to the Atlantic vessels, stated that on the fixed route between Europe and America there would probably be compact ice. Mr. Saunderson, a director of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Co., and manager of the White Star Line, argued against Mr. Ismay's pledge to provide life-boats for the whole ship's company, declaring that it was neither "wise" nor "necessary."

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THE Greek Parliament opened on Saturday, and the Cretan deputies made the promised attempt to take their seats. The Parliament House was, however, guarded with troops, and the Cretan deputies were kept out without bloodshed or disorder. Parliament was then prorogued to October 14th. M. Venezelos had more trouble with his Cabinet than with the Cretan deputies, for his Minister of Justice has resigned, and may split the majority. The course which M. Venezelos has adopted is unquestionably the statesmanlike one. To have allowed the deputies to take their seats would have meant the re-occupation of Crete by the Powers, and might have precipitated a war with Turkey. Nevertheless, it is difficult not to sympathise with the deputies, who are endeavoring to effect the union with Greece which they have long desired, and the Powers have long allowed them to hope. Union is certainly the final solution; this week's device is only an expedient, as is shown by the determination of the deputies to stay in Athens until the Parliament re-opens.

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THE passage of the Army Bill through the Hungarian Chamber has almost broken up the Parliament. The Opposition, led by M. Justh, were wildly disorderly, and interrupted the President, Count Tisza, with howls and musical instruments. Finally, the police were introduced and removed twenty-one members of the Justh and Kossuth parties. This drastic procedure has made the situation rather worse, though a Parliamentary Commission has approved it. Moderate opinion condemns both parties, but the Opposition will resume their tactics of obstruction in the hope of forcing an election.

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On Thursday, Mr. Pease gave, in the House of Commons, the first account of his stewardship of education. It was a clear and sympathetic, but, on the whole, a depressing statement. The Education Budget is for 14½ millions, but it is obvious that the Department wants more. Mr. Pease hopes that the Treasury grant of

£200,000 will enable him to double the State provision for teachers' pensions. The inevitable transference of scholars from the voluntary schools to the State goes on. During the year the Council schools have increased by 195, and the voluntary schools have decreased by 115. Physical and technical culture are both expanding, and the average attendance is high. But masses of children leave school at an age when education can have made little impression on them. There is, indeed, an actual decrease of 8,000 in the number of children over twelve, while the total number of children who attend between fourteen and fifteen is only 36,000—a great scandal to the nation.

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THE rising round Fez, in spite of the alarmist reports in the French papers, does not seem to be very serious. The French have easily held the town, and their columns have advanced against the Moors and inflicted heavy loss upon them. In one engagement Mr. Redman, a British instructor to the Sultan's army, was shot dead. It is now officially admitted that the trouble is largely due to the political blunders of General Lyautey as well as to the misdeeds of French speculators. As soon as the recognition of the French Protectorate was forced from the Sultan, the French authorities treated the Sultan and Maghzen as non-existent. Instead of approaching the tribes under cover of traditional authority, they made a naked display of French sovereignty and French force; and one of General Lyautey's first acts was to fine the inhabitants of Fez for the massacre of which they were innocent. The French Government promises to repair its blunders.

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THE administration of the Local Government Board was again severely criticised on Wednesday on both sides of the House. The chief grounds of complaint were the failure to administer the Housing Act of 1909, or to clear the workhouses of the children, the inadequacy of outdoor relief for widows, the delay over the Milk Bill, and the sterilising of Poor Law Reform. Mr. Burns's reply was rather more sympathetic than usual, but it opened out no new policy of administrative or of legislative reform. On housing, he stated that his inspectors were actively at work, and pleaded that agricultural workers were being displaced by chauffeurs. He admitted that only one town-planning scheme had been sanctioned, but said that many local authorities were suggesting plans. But how does this relieve the Local Government Board of its special responsibility?

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"H. W. M." WRITES: It is pleasant to record the return of the Irish players to the Court Theatre, though the absence of Miss Maire O'Neill deprives it of a touch of perfection. This week the representations have been entirely occupied with "Kathleen ni Houlihan" and "The Playboy of the Western World," but next week will be devoted to less familiar work. Their playing is certainly the finest kind of dramatic art to be seen in London, and perhaps it is our own fault that when they put "The Playboy" before an English audience they a little under-line it, and with such temptations as beset Mr. Arthur Sinclair, in his wonderful description of drunkenness, let the play slip out of irony into something nearer to farce. This is not its true atmosphere; but on the whole it is remarkable how these accomplished players, though they sometimes give their work the air of a ritual, avoid the dulling and coarsening effects of repetition. Probably the reason is the fineness of their material. "The Playboy" and its companion plays are, in effect, a new literature and a new poetry.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE COMING QUESTION OF THE LAND.

"We won because we had a strong Liberal programme. We were entirely on the offensive, and not on the defensive. Therefore we had a full Liberal poll. This was entirely on the land policy. Anything we lost in other ways was gained on that."—*Mr. Hemmerde on his victory in North-West Norfolk.*

It is clear that the managers of the Tory Party are greatly perturbed by the result of the election in North-West Norfolk. Taken in connection with the return in Hackney, it seems to show that their hopes of a great electoral success, sweeping the Government out of power and invalidating the passage of the Home Rule Bill and the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, are fading away. Twice have such hopes been raised. On the first occasion, the campaign in favor of the Budget of 1909 dashed them to the ground. This time they seemed firmly grounded. It was indeed desperate tactics to base them on the vilification not of a Bill but of an Act, which, apart from the heavy Parliamentary pledges of the leaders of the Tory Party, well-disposed and public-spirited people should feel themselves under a special obligation to obey. Even if we make excuses for politicians encumbered with a policy like Protection, with which it appears that no Tory candidate dares face a rural constituency, there is something peculiarly squalid in the endeavor to cripple a measure of no party significance, designed for the improvement of the standard of public health and of the provident organisations of the people. But the tactics seem destined to lack even the poor justification of success. The Government is not being discredited or driven from its guns. Indeed, it is encouraged to stand more firmly to them, for the Home Rule position is not assailed at all, and the attack on the Welsh Bill is completely masked by the elaborate demonstration against insurance. All that happens is that the feature of the Insurance Act in which Toryism has a real interest, that of contribution, is being steadily weakened. That is the one point on which the new master-minds of Tory policy have set their mark.

But it is necessary to push the moral of these repeated Tory failures to re-capture the electorate a little further than the average partisan may be disposed to carry it. Why is it that the Conservative Party can make no real impression on the people? It is amazing to find that they effect so little. The Government is approaching the end of its seventh year of office. Like all Governments, it has made mistakes, and has, at various stages of its career, alienated powerful sections of its followers. The mere attrition of time and use, the unpopularity of social legislation aimed at this interest or that, ought, by all the precedents, to have worn down its material force and broken its morale. Yet it stands; and one would say that the only visible hope for the Opposition, now that the attack on the Insurance Act, like the advance of the Old Guard at Waterloo, is ebbing away, lies in a split between Liberalism and Labor. But mere Toryism seems to have ceased to attract. Again, why?

Well, we will say what we think is the reason. Modern Toryism is a party of sheer negation, of property and the interests; and there are causes and needs in England which outweigh property and the interests. Toryism cannot have it all ways, all at once. It cannot wage simultaneous war on trade unionism, Irish Nationalism, British Nonconformity, and at the same time hold up stubborn hands in defence of all the monopolies—the land, the Church, the House of Lords, and the railway interests. If the country were really a well-founded conservative State, the case would be altered. But British statesmen have to deal with one of the most backward economic developments in the world. The people are divorced from the soil. They are often vilely housed in the towns; in the country they are not housed at all. The wages of the great class which tills the half-deserted fields of England are a scandal to civilisation. They live under a virtual despotism, often no doubt a well-meaning and kindly despotism, which the Church and the squirearchy maintain between them. Now, if the people who inhabit the country were prosperous peasant cultivators, and the people who inhabit the towns were properly housed, properly fed, properly educated, and properly paid, Great Britain would probably be a Conservative country. As it is, she is becoming more and more Radical, and even Socialist. Is that surprising?

But the North-West Norfolk election is remarkable because, as we have said, for the second time in recent politics, Tory criticism of Radical government was successfully met by a counter-attack on the whole Conservative position. Mr. Hemmerde fought on the land question, which, be it remembered, has only thrice been raised by a responsible British statesman during the last generation—by Mr. Chamberlain at the election of 1885, by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at the Albert Hall in 1905, and by Mr. Lloyd George in 1909. On each occasion it has swept the field. But the land question, though it has often been agitated, has never been solved, nor has any substantial progress been made with three closely attendant questions—the wage question, the housing question, and the rating question. Mr. Hemmerde linked them all in his proposal to transfer the main burden of rating from the building and its improvements to the land value. That undoubtedly would greatly relieve the town tenant and the poorer neighborhoods and types of houses in town and country. It should bring land into the market, and encourage newer and more extended experiments in town-planning. But the most definite need of the hour is to raise the whole problem of the condition of the rural worker in a definite, dramatic, and substantial form. Four main social evils afflict his life. The first is his dependence, economic and personal; the second his low wage; the third his landlessness; the fourth the deplorable way in which he is housed. And all these evils are related to each other. The laborer is dependent because he has no choice of house-room and no resource save that of labor. His wages are low, because (among other reasons) he lacks the power or the habit of combination. He is badly housed, because his wages are so inadequate that he cannot afford an economic rent for a decent dwelling. There-



fore, he wants, first, to be roused to a sense of the sufferings and the wants of his condition, and then to be assured of powerful aid against those classes who, often quite unconsciously, oppress him, and the system which those classes represent.

Now, there is only one quarter from which such aid can be offered him, and that is the Government and the Liberal Party. It was a misfortune that this duty of building up a new agricultural society was not initiated by the inclusion of agricultural land in the Budget of 1909. It is a still weightier fault that Mr. Burns's Housing Act took so slight a measure of the problem that its net effect has been to close or to patch up some 8,500 wretched hovels and to set up only 116 new cottages in their stead. This will never do; and if Mr. Burns stands in the way of the call for house-room, or if he still closes his ear to it, and again cripples an efficient Housing Act, as he crippled it in 1909, his Department must be handed over to some more resourceful and less conservative type of statesman. Practically, two solutions of the rural housing question are possible. The State can step in with its credit and its resources, as it has stepped in in Ireland, or it can make the rural landlord responsible for the deficiency of house-room, and call on him to make it good. Probably both these methods admit of combination; but the primal business of statesmanship is to prepare for a new order of rural economy, and to call for the pioneering work of organisation and instruction. The wages of the agricultural laborer in the East and West and South of England are at least 25 per cent. below what they ought to be, and if any extension is to be made to the machinery of the Wages Boards Act, it should be for his benefit. But the laborer wants land, and land is not coming his way, as it has come to the Irish cottier, who started thirty years ago from a lower standard of life than his, and is now the virtual or the coming owner of most of the soil of Ireland.

Here, then, are the materials of a rural programme, which should include a living wage for the laborer, a decent house for him to live in, land enough to afford him, first, an alternative resource to his labor, and, eventually, full occupation, a system of transit adapted to the effective marketing of his produce, and a sensible relief of rating. These reforms are practically a call for a new rural society, involving the final disappearance of the great landlord and the system of large enclosed farming on which his power is based. His special form of economy is fast turning our countryside into a ranche and a game preserve: the most salient spectacle of social waste that Europe affords. It is time for him to go, and time for Liberal statesmanship to give him fair notice to quit. The countryside is empty. The land cries out for labor, and labor cries out for land. The question cannot be evaded or postponed. Every political wind blows it to our doors. It arose over the Budget of 1909; over the Welsh Disestablishment Bill; and it was the subject of the election for North-West Norfolk. The call for land is the most natural demand that a people can make upon their governors, and a party which believes in democracy cannot refuse to captain and direct it.

### THE SETTLEMENT OF THE PORT.

It is an exceedingly significant fact in the recent relations between Capital and Labor that the active intervention of members of the Cabinet should have become the recognised method of securing a settlement. This fact is at once a testimony to the obstinacy of conflicts in the organised and fundamental industries and to the absence of any powers of compulsory settlement in the administrative machinery of government. The stage of industrial evolution we are entering now is one in which the State, representing the interests of the industrial and consuming public as a whole, is contriving modes of pressure or practical coercion accommodated to the circumstances of the various trades in order to put an end to strikes and lock-outs, with their waste and injury. Where it has already a strong legal *locus standi*, as in the railway industry, it can virtually dictate its terms to the companies. In coal-mining, under the stress of a great emergency, it can forge for itself new, though limited, weapons of compulsion. In the transport trades, where the organisation of capital and labor is less complete, and where traditions of rowdiness upon both sides have rendered it very difficult to work by ordinary methods of collective bargaining and conciliation, the task of effective governmental intervention has been unusually delicate. Compulsory arbitration, however theoretically defensible, is quite impracticable in the face of the stubborn refusal of employers and of workers to submit to State dictation. The most hopeful course at the present time is therefore to stimulate the better organisation of the trade, so that capital and labor may treat with one another in a spirit of mutual responsibility.

For the Report of Sir Edward Clarke made it manifest that, apart from the specific breach of agreement which brought about the strike, a spirit of disorder and distrust prevailed upon both sides, certain to produce continual bickering. The worst feature, indeed, of the earlier negotiations conducted by the Government was the contemptuous refusal, not only of the employers' association, but of the Port of London, a statutory authority, to accept the invitation of the Board of Trade to meet in friendly conference the representatives of labor. This attitude is a legacy of the old hostility against trade unionism which the Shipping Federation has done so much to foster. The Government policy for dealing with the situation, expressed so ably by Mr. George in the House of Commons last Wednesday, is directed to two main objects: first, the stimulation of an effective employers' federation capable of bringing pressure upon recalcitrant employers, and, secondly, the provision of a Joint Board upon which the representatives of organised capital and labor shall meet in regular intercourse under conditions of effective guarantees for the fulfilment of agreements they may make. Although, as we write, the acceptance of the proposed terms by the employers has not been received, we can hardly doubt that their reluctance will be broken down by the important concessions of the men announced by Mr. George in the House. The two main sources of bitterness have been the refusal of the members of the unions to work with non-union labor, and the employers' complaint that the workmen

can break their agreements with impunity. The point on which Sir E. Clarke declared against the men was a combination of both these grievances. We are now given to understand that the workers have withdrawn the demand for a recognition of the Federation ticket as a condition precedent to the resumption of work, and that they accept the proposal of a monetary guarantee from both sides to ensure the carrying out of agreements. Under these conditions, the employers and the Port Authority can hardly refuse the Government's proposal of Joint Boards, or insist that the men must return to work before they will even consider it.

Indeed, so far as we can see, a settlement upon the basis proposed by the Government is not only the best, but the only present feasible settlement. It is not, indeed, certain to prove successful. But if the shipowners are willing to do their best to bring all employers into their federation and to meet the representatives of the unions fairly on the Joint Boards, it should be possible to avert all the minor and some of the major friction between capital and labor. Mr. Holt, in an interesting speech, told the House of Commons how successful the recent arrangement of joint-committees had proved in Liverpool and Glasgow, though in these parts no pecuniary guarantees safeguarded the agreements. Belated Tories, like Sir Frederick Banbury, appear, indeed, to reprobate all proposals to organise a trade. They stand not only for blackleg labor, but for blackleg employers. Sir Frederick Banbury even extended the mantle of his approval over the conduct of Mr. Bissell, holding that, though he had been a member of an association which had made an agreement, he was at liberty at any time to break away from it. We can only say that no sort of human society could hold together for a single day, if its members were animated by such principles. Modern industry consists in a vast series of concerted actions of larger co-operative bodies of men, and it could not work at all if each constituent member were free at any moment to throw out of gear the machinery. In a healthy modern trade, this old individualist conception of separate freedom has given way to a larger economy of organic co-operation. Employers must agree to act together. So must workmen, and the two bodies must come to such orderly arrangements, in the working of the trade and the distribution of its returns, as experience and the interpretation of their several interests admit. In future agreements, under the Joint Boards, there must not be employers or whole trades who have not come in and do not hold themselves bound. Mr. George rightly emphasised the condition of success as involving not merely "every pressure" but "compulsion" as applied to men who "not merely pay their workmen less than the standard rate, but by doing so make it impossible for others to pay the standard rate."

Coercion is, no doubt, in itself always undesirable, but if there is to be coercion, as there must be, it should be coercion of a bad minority instead of a good majority. That is as applicable to the case of labor as of capital. Employers in the shipping trade require to be told that they must press or compel their blacklegs to come into their union. The workers do not require such

a reminder. But, of course, if the Transport Workers' Federation is the basis of the labor representation in the Joint Boards, as is proposed, it will become as difficult for "free" labor to exist as for "free" employers. It was, we take it, with this consideration before their minds that the workers withdrew their demand for the immediate recognition of the Federation ticket. This organisation of the Joint Board, if it is once set in working, will bring all the employers into line, and will virtually absorb all labor into the unions. This we hold to be the only present mode of attaining a reasonable degree of security for the regular working of the transport industries. The system of pecuniary guarantees, which appears to work well in the boot trade, may prove a salutary compromise between complete pecuniary irresponsibility and the demand that trade union funds become attachable for breaches of agreement.

#### THE CHANCE OF IRISH UNIONISM.

THE other day the "Irish Times" made avowal of a doctrine which we believe to be implicit in the creed held by the more intelligent of Irish Unionists. It declared, in effect, that while all forms of Home Rule are risky and objectionable, the least risky and the least objectionable is that which confers upon Ireland the fullest and most complete measure of self-government; and it added that Mr. Walter Long, Sir Edward Carson, and other Unionist leaders concurred in this view. Of its soundness, from the standpoint not only of Ireland, but of the Unionist minority in Ireland, there can be no question. The sharper the razor, the less chance of one's cutting oneself; the broader the grant of autonomy the greater is the opportunity both for national development and for the protection and fair treatment of all classes and interests. If this simple truism were translated into terms of active politics, the result would be to redeem, even at the eleventh hour, the historic reputation of Irish Protestants and Unionists for throwing away all their chances. We can understand opposition to Home Rule, but we cannot understand any Irishman pursuing a policy of truncating the powers of the Parliament under which he is to pass the remainder of his life. We do not believe there is a single Unionist in Ireland, with the slightest appreciation of political forces, who would not say: "We are against Home Rule and we mean to defeat it if we can; the whole idea of it is utterly abhorrent to us; but if we are forced to accept it, then let it be in a form consonant with our dignity and self-respect; let it be a measure throwing upon us the amplest responsibility for our own destiny; let the functions and prerogatives of the Irish Parliament be as unhampered and as little subject to British interference and control as possible."

We cannot doubt that the saner mind of Irish Unionism, once convinced of the inevitability of Home Rule, would prefer it to come with a minimum rather than a maximum of legislative and administrative restrictions. We cannot doubt that the hardy men of the North—even those who are most obsessed by the bogey of fiscal or religious "persecution"—would rather rely on their

own virility and strength than on the broken reed of British "protection." It is probable, also, that Belfast would like to be relieved of the fear of Labor legislation largely dictated by an English Labor Party. Nor can we doubt that when they find that the game is up, and that England has "betrayed" them once more, the Unionists of to-day will rapidly convert themselves into thorough-going champions of Irish nationality and of the rights and powers of the Irish Parliament. But it is impossible to repress the hope that that time may be anticipated, and that the Irish Unionists next week, when the Home Rule Bill enters on the Committee stage, may address themselves to its consideration and amendment in a practical spirit. A chance is offered them, such, perhaps, as they hardly deserve, for regaining in a flash their lost leadership of the Irish people. If they were to take the lead in strengthening the Bill, and in widening the scope and opportunities of the Irish Parliament, their influence, we believe, would be decisive, and they would return to Ireland sure of a lasting reward in the gratitude and acclamation of their countrymen. If, on the other hand, they seek to whittle down the grant of autonomy, such as it is, and to fence round the Irish Parliament with fresh and irritating limitations—to make the Bill narrower instead of broader by amendments—not only will they be defeated in their immediate object, but they will incur, and rightly incur, a further load of popular odium, and their position as an alien minority, unable to prevent Home Rule, but willing to emasculate it, will be laid bare to the contempt of the English-speaking world.

Rarely has any party been offered a clearer alternative. The Irish Unionists will either go down to certain defeat as politicians, or they will win as statesmen a memorable and resplendent victory. Patriotism, if they have any, self-interest, the assurance of recapturing the moral ascendancy of their own country, all urge them to the higher choice; party passion and political myopia can alone draw them towards the lower. There are many features of the Home Rule Bill which are unsatisfactory, simply because they represent an attempt to conciliate or outmanœuvre Ulster. The nominated Senate, the withholding for six years of control over the police, the establishment of a Government without power to collect its own taxes—these are anomalies that are due at bottom to a desire to meet and remove or circumvent the objections of Irish Unionists. So also is the complicated system of dual control over large areas of Irish administration. But all these devices have failed, and were bound to fail, to modify the Unionist attitude. They weaken the Bill without winning over a single one of its opponents. It is one of the fatalities of democracy that its representatives should so frequently be more extreme than the people they represent. The ordinary Unionist in Ireland, whether in or out of Ulster, while opposed to Home Rule in principle, is also, as we have said, persuaded that the least obnoxious shape it can assume is one that duplicates or approximates to the "Colonial" solution. If he is to be governed from Dublin at all, he would rather it should be by a Parliament standing on its own feet, possessing full powers over customs and excise, completely in control of all its administrative

agencies, and enjoying the prerogatives of an autonomous State. But the members whom he elects to represent him at Westminster do not share his open-mindedness. Without exception, the amendments to the Home Rule Bill so far tabled by the Irish Unionist M.P.'s are designed to make the Irish Parliament both impotent and contemptible, and to take away from it even the inadequate authority that it confers. It is a strange spectacle. The Irish Unionists might, if they chose, transform the Bill to their own and Ireland's enduring gain. They prefer, apparently, instead to fail ignominiously in the effort to devitalise it. Possibly before the two years' delay imposed by the Parliament Act has expired, they may come to a clearer sense of their lost opportunities. In any case, there is the consolation, such as it is, that when the Home Rule Bill finally reaches the Statute Book, and an Irish Parliament is actually in session on College Green, the Unionists will be as vehement to expand its functions and authority as they now are to contract them.

#### KING EDWARD AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

SIR SIDNEY LEE's biography of King Edward, which appears in the new supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography, will be read widely both for the courage and faithfulness of its method, and its valuable addition to our political knowledge. The life of a monarch is usually the subject of much vapid eulogy and little vital criticism. Sir Sidney Lee's sketch of the late King's personality suffers from no such fault. It traces with perfect candor the bad consequences of an education which Bagehot, many years ago, satirised with a frank and revealing pen, and shows how an interesting character was partly spoiled by it and partly rose superior to it. Its obvious attempt to set his influence on our politics at its right measure is indeed an important contribution to the history of the Monarchy and of our times. King Edward has been wrongly described as a great and original diplomatist, and the legend, fortified by some innovations in the form of Royal visits, has survived Mr. Balfour's endeavor to correct it. If by diplomacy we understand the great art of managing men, the King was indeed an adept at it. But a prince who was only admitted to a knowledge of Cabinet secrets at the age of fifty-four, and who passed the period of his youth and early manhood excluded by his mother's will from all public services save those of form and of pleasure, could not achieve a free and intimate handling of political problems. King Edward never aimed at such a mastery; our constitutional system forbade both the quest and the attainment. But his friendship with men like Gladstone, Dilke, and Gambetta, his social genius, and his intelligent curiosity about modern life and its developments powerfully reinforced movements which, like the Anglo-French *entente*, were being borne along by a general current of popular opinion. The Royal smile, the Royal cigar, the Royal memory were the weapons of his successes; and they were the more cogent as they replaced the chill and rigid conservatism of his mother's



Court. Had not she and Prince Albert, after educating him to be an Admirable Crichton, forced him to become a Prince Charming, his excellent sense and fine temper might have been put to still wider uses. There is the dilemma of modern kingship. Its real powers are small, and even they depend for their effective exercise on the personality of the man who wields them and his ability to meet the trained minds of statesmen, and the moral force which they draw from democracy, on terms of something like equality. And how can an Heir-Apparent acquire such powers amidst the idle business of his social life? The titular authority of Royalty is indeed great. It cannot get to the masses; but it can impress them by its style and pomp, its sensuous and human appeal. It was on this ground that King Edward found his strength, and that the belief in his personal diplomacy grew.

But the most interesting of Sir Sidney Lee's revelations are those which describe the late King's relations with Liberal policy and statesmen. His feeling for Gladstone, his constant friend and supporter, who twice attempted to secure him the share in Government which Queen Victoria repeatedly denied him, and who would have associated him both with India and with Ireland, was not a tie of conviction. The late King, like all monarchs, was a conservative. He shook his head, indeed, over the proposal to tax the people's bread; but his general sympathies were with the party which he thought was the more attached to the Monarchy. He shared the Queen's zeal for Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy. He had "serious misgivings" over the grant of self-government to South Africa. He regarded with equal dislike the Liberal plan for abridging the Lords' Veto and the Tory plan for giving an elective basis to their constitution. The Budget of 1909 caused him "searchings of heart," and he thought the Chancellor's speeches in the country "reckless and irresponsible." But he treated their author with the courteous attention that won him the regard of the ultra-Radical Chamberlain and the close friendship of the Republican Dilke. It was, however, on the question of the rejection of the Budget that his one decisive intervention in domestic politics occurred. Unlike his mother's attempt to remove the deadlock over Irish Disestablishment and the English County franchise, it failed. He thought the design of the Lords to reject the Budget "a tactical error," and he sought by personal interviews with Lord Cawdor, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Lansdowne—interviews approved by Mr. Asquith—to divert them from that dangerous course. His advice was brushed aside, mainly on the ground, says Sir Sidney Lee, that the Conservative peers considered that he was in no position to afford them "protection from attack." He offered no further opposition to his Ministers' plans, and the Royal Speech foreshadowing the limitation of the Veto passed his revision without correction or protest. Indeed, Sir Sidney Lee informs us that the phrase "in the opinion of my advisers," which was held to indicate the King's personal reserves on the point of policy, came not from his pen but from the Prime Minister's. The shaping of that policy and the use of the prerogative to enforce it, were, of course, the work of the Ministers not of King Edward but of King George. None the less, those

consequences flowed directly from the rebuff which the aristocracy administered to the King whose life and interests were so closely associated with their own. Sir Sidney does, indeed, dissipate the gross legend that the King's fatal illness had any connection with the constitutional crisis. His happy disposition and his social pleasures "effectually counteracted the depressing influence of public affairs." But the fact remains, that not for the first or the second time in history an aristocratic class courted disaster, heedless of whether it involved an ancient Monarchy in its fall.

## THE TREND OF FOREIGN POLICY.

### V.—THE BAGDAD AND PERSIAN RAILWAYS.

FOREMOST among the problems which call for friendly settlement, if Anglo-German relations are to be improved, stands the question of the Bagdad Railway. It may claim a certain pre-eminence among the subjects which underlie the rivalries of recent years. It came first in order of time, for it was the refusal of Mr. Balfour, at the dictation of the "Times" and its school, to consent to Anglo-German co-operation in this enterprise, which first gave volume and direction to the current of anti-German feeling in this country. It is, moreover, a matter which raises, in a preliminary and concrete form, the larger problem of European relationships. For if once the political questions which centre in the Bagdad Railway are happily settled (questions in which French interests are not directly engaged), the embargo on the admission of this German undertaking to quotation on the Paris Bourse will be removed. That would be at least a first step towards breaking down the barrier of politics and sentiment which has made a closed frontier between French capital and German enterprise.

There are some good arguments which might have been advanced against the Bagdad enterprise from a Turkish standpoint, but none of them have affected our Foreign Office. The whole principle of the kilometric guarantee is risky and vicious. In the great days of Baron Hirsch, railways were built in Turkey on this system, which are destined to remain for all time a monument to the rapacity of European finance and the venality of Turkish courtiers and politicians. The bewildered traveller watches the serpentine gyrations of these lines without a clue, until it is explained to him that these curves and diversions are means of increasing the mileage on which a guaranteed dividend is annually paid. With all these twistings and divagations, the line seems of set purpose to avoid the towns along its route, and, in the conduct of its business, the earning of profits by the transport of merchandise seems to be the last concern of its managers. The peasantry all the while pay in tithes for the service of the guarantee, and grumble unheard that bad roads, bad management, and military exigencies combine to make the railway nearly useless to agriculture. The spectacle of these railways is, indeed, a striking illustration of the whole tendency of modern diplomacy to assist rather the export of capital than the export of goods. They are financiers' enterprises, and the interests of finance are so far paramount that they can cripple the interests of trade, if thereby a profitable in-

vestment is assured. When the kilometric guarantee is paid from the tithes, the Turkish purchaser of European goods is taxed directly. When it is met by a Customs surtax, the goods themselves are taxed, with the result that their price must be raised and their sale diminished. The City gains where Lancashire loses. But these were not the reasons which caused our diplomacy to look at the Bagdad Railway askance, and indeed, even from the Turkish standpoint, the advantages of any railway immensely overbalance them. At the worst, a railway brings economic benefits, and in the case of the Bagdad Railway the gain is greater than any increase in trade or wealth can measure. It will bring European eyes and the possibility of firmer government to the provinces where the Armenian peasant is at grips with the Kurdish nomad. The increase in security and the intellectual stimulus which will follow the penetration of the most backward regions of Turkey by this railway, will do more in the end to foster trade than even the cheapening of transport.

The question stands no longer where it did in Mr. Balfour's time. The conditions on which the railway, with its feeder from the Syrian coast, will be built and controlled are settled up to Bagdad. The removal of the financial boycott may hasten its construction, but cannot substantially affect the conditions on which it will be built and controlled. Up to Bagdad it will be predominantly a German undertaking. But the question is now so far advanced that the final stretch from Bagdad to the Coast is recognised as a separate enterprise which will be more frankly international. There remains for settlement the proportion in which British, French, and German capital will participate in this section of the line, and, above all, the choice of the port at which it shall touch the Persian Gulf. We question whether German views will have a decisive influence in determining this latter point. A year ago, the skill of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein and the inefficiency of our own Embassy had all but restored German ascendancy at Constantinople. The war in Tripoli has once more equalised the competition. We are neutrals with a growing bias towards the Turkish side; Germany stands by her Italian alliance. Our position is appreciably improved, but we have still to reckon with purely Turkish prejudices and interests. The awakened Nationalist feeling views with a not unnatural jealousy our traditional ascendancy in Mesopotamia and in the Gulf. Our Consulate at Bagdad has been for generations a sort of Residency conducted on Indian principles, which undisguisedly exerted a political influence. The Lynch firm has an hereditary monopoly of the river navigation, and a great share in all the trade of the region. At Koweit and Mohammerah we claim a species of protectorate, and dispute with Turkey the allegiance of the Arab sheikhs. The restoration of Mesopotamia to its pre-Turkish prosperity has begun with an irrigation scheme under British engineers, and if it prospers, must end in the influx in vast proportions of British capital and probably of Indian labor. What is to-day a desert, fertile in patches, overrun by nomads, and subject only to a slovenly and disputable Turkish oversight, may be in a generation a province as fertile as Egypt, and hardly less closely linked with our

commercial interests. The Turks are divided between the wish to see this derelict region thrive once more, and their dread of a British predominance which might in the end make their sovereignty on the Euphrates almost as precarious as their suzerainty on the Nile. It is that fear which makes it improbable that Turkey will ever allow Koweit, with its semi-independent Arab dynasty and its British protectorate, to become the terminus of the line. From our own standpoint, it is hard to see why we should insist on our preference. Whatever port is chosen will be under the guns of our fleet, and no port, if this section of line is effectively internationalised, can ever become a German depôt.

It is common ground with us all that British naval supremacy in the Persian Gulf is vital to our position in India. But a dogma may easily be robbed of its own meaning when it falls into the hands of a school of violence and exaggeration. There are those who will tell us that in order to command the Gulf, we must also control its coasts. A little reflection suggests that even the coast-line is insecure unless we dominate the Hinterland. The dogma of the Gulf has led us already into a claim upon the southern third of Persia, not to mention our pretensions at Koweit. It has also led us to take an obscure share, of which the secrets are buried in the archives of Aden, in the internal feuds of the Arab tribes. All this is the very negation of the dogma itself. It is precisely because it suffices to hold the command of the sea that we care to make its maintenance our supreme interest. We might have to keep a ship or two in the Gulf beyond our present requirements. That is the measure of the danger. But it baffles human reason to explain why a Foreign Office which dreads a German railway at Bagdad should positively invite the construction of a Russian railway to Ispahan. From Bagdad, no Power, unless it had beaten us at sea, could dream of threatening India. From Ispahan, a land Power which dare not show its flag beyond the Black Sea and the Caspian could seriously menace India.

We have often discussed this trans-Persian railway, and it would be superfluous to repeat the arguments against it. It differs from the German Bagdad scheme, by all the distance in stability and power of resistance which separates Turkey from Persia. Turkey is, in fact and in name, an independent State. Persia has become already little more than a Russian satrapy. The Bagdad railway will increase rather than diminish the effective independence of Turkey. Whatever economic benefits it brings to German trade and finance, the political and military gains will fall to the Turks. They will control the line, and their troops will use it. But this trans-Persian line will be from the first a Russian road. Russian troops will police it, and no feeble Regent or Mejliss in Teheran could forbid Russian armies to use it. One may at a stretch admit that, in circumstances hardly conceivable, the Bagdad Railway might add a practically negligible complication to the naval defence of India. But this Persian line will transform the whole military problem of Indian defence. It advances our frontier in effect from the mountain barrier of Afghanistan to the plains of Eastern Persia. Even if we admit that the line itself in its last section

could be destroyed or controlled from the sea, the fact remains that a Russian road will be in Russian hands across the whole of Persia until the coast is reached. Their railway base will be somewhere on the edge of Baluchistan, and the whole problem of invasion will be reduced to the organisation of a march across the narrow territory that intervenes. The opposition to the Bagdad line was just intelligible, until this incomparably more dangerous Russian project received the approval of the Foreign Office. It can be reduced to terms of reason only if one assumes that to all time Russia will be the trusty friend and Germany the scheming adversary.

Common sense suggests exactly the contrary reading of the probabilities. To develop Turkish trade is a sufficient object in itself; one need not suppose that the Germans ever entertained another. But what has Russian trade to gain by encouraging Indo-Persian commerce? A Russian railway to Tabriz, or even to Teheran, would be a reasonable commercial speculation. But what can the merchants of Moscow expect from a trans-Persian line? This railway will be political, and political in this context means military. While the project is still in embryo, we cannot too stoutly resist it, and we must call urgently for its discussion in Parliament. Only an insane jealousy has delayed the Bagdad line. If it were completed, the needs of rapid transit to India would be adequately met, and the Russian project—incomparably more dangerous, and undertaken, we believe, either against the advice of our chief Indian experts or in complete and unstatesmanlike indifference to their hostile opinions—would have become a superfluity.

#### A MEDICAL PLEA FOR THE INSURANCE ACT.

By TWO GENERAL PRACTITIONERS.

##### VI.—THE LOCAL MEDICAL COMMITTEE.

THE statutory right of the Local Medical Committee to recognition and consultation by the Insurance Committees is a departure of far-reaching importance, and will form a valuable precedent for the Trade Unions' Committees who have persistently demanded, hitherto in vain, recognition by the State and the majority of employers. By a curious irony of circumstances, a most conservative profession, little given to combination, leads the way for labor combinations all over the country. The authors wonder if any of the medical profession ever thought that such a result would be the outcome of those protracted negotiations of last year. Again, if by any chance the medical profession could successfully establish its own public medical service, and the Local Medical Committee became the controlling authority of such a scheme, what an interesting example of syndicalism it would be!

The powers of this Committee are at present uncertain, but apparently the decision as to whether payments to doctors under the Act shall be made by a capitation fee for all on the doctors' list (*whether ill during the year or not*) or by a tariff for cases actually attended during the period decided upon, rests with this Local Medical Committee. The advantages of the former system of payment are overwhelming, the chief being that the doctor is paid to keep his clients well. This is, of course, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, a great inducement for honest and thorough work. In these days (which when the Act comes into operation will happily pass) the Club doctor feels bound to give a bottle of medicine as a placebo, and this constant drugging is a curse upon the health of the community. It is a mere remnant of the days when medicine was akin to the magic arts of the witch doctor.

The modern doctor gives few drugs, but advises rest, fresh air, and plenty of good wholesome food.

It must be of great advantage to the local members of the profession in any area to be able to meet occasionally and discuss various problems of administrative difficulty as they arise. One can imagine also that such matters as the unrestricted sale of pernicious narcotic and hypnotic drugs, patent medicines, and various poisons might be condemned, and although the Committee itself had no power to stop such sale, repeated representations would surely have a marked deterrent effect. Such subjects as Quackery, Advertisement, and Prescribing Chemists might well come up for discussion at these meetings.

If the profession, on the other hand, forms its own medical service in opposition to the service under the Insurance Committee, and *outside the Act*, its protests could not possibly have the influence that they necessarily would have on the Insurance Committees.

##### VII.—THE INSURANCE COMMITTEE.

This Committee, as can readily be understood by reading the foregoing sections of the Act, is of the very greatest importance to the insured, to the community, and to the medical profession. It will administer the Act in every Insurance area, and its powers, subject to the approval of the Commissioners, are simply astonishing. These powers if energetically used will certainly result in an enormous improvement in the public health, a matter of gratification to all social reformers. Quite apart from administering the Medical, the Sanatorium, and (partially at least) the Maternity Benefits of the Act, there are powers to establish a public Nursing Service, Lectures on Hygiene, Sanitation, and indeed upon any matter of public health. In conjunction with the Medical Officer of Health of the Borough, periodic reports on the prevalence of illness in certain areas are to be made. If in certain districts there is an excess of illness proved to be due to insanitary conditions, then the Insurance Committee has authority to insist upon these conditions being improved, if necessary at the expense of the responsible owner.

Powers to subsidise hospitals, or other institutions, belong to this Committee, and with this endowment by public funds, public control must inevitably follow. This immediately brings into consideration that burning and important question of hospital appointments. At present, owing to the fact that most of the medical work in hospitals is unpaid work, only those men and women who can afford to wait (perhaps for years) are ever appointed to the staffs of the great hospitals. There are exceptions to this sweeping statement, but in the main it is indisputably true. If the men and women on the hospital staffs were properly paid for their work, the choice of candidates for these posts would be considerably enlarged, and the public control would abolish, to a great extent, the system of privilege and patronage which at present prevails in the selection of the successful candidates. The worst feature of the present practice of medicine is the separation of the general practitioner from the clinical work in the hospitals. In the large provincial towns, however, the position is very much better than in London.

The constitution of the Committee is of the greatest importance, and medical men must use every endeavor to increase the number of places allotted to them. This should not prove difficult, as medical men have always been welcome on Municipal bodies, and have done excellent work thereon. The County and Borough Councils will probably be willing to nominate a certain number of doctors in addition to those statutorily arranged for, and the same may be said of the Insurance Commissioners. These, together with those elected by the local profession, would provide a strong contingent to safeguard the interests of their fellow-practitioners working the Act.

There has been much hasty and ill-considered criticism of the fact that the majority of the Insurance Committee is composed of representatives of the insured. This is, of course, quite right and proper, as the insured



find most of the money. This scheme is not a charity, but a serious endeavor, on business lines, to get rid of the fearful depreciation that occurs in the value of the workers when incapacitated by ill-health and want of employment. There is no valid reason why the representatives either of the workers or of the employers should want to treat the doctors badly, indeed the very opposite will be the case. Good honest doctoring will be expected, and the payments will be on as generous a scale as the Committee can afford. Economy has not been a noticeable feature of public bodies in the past, and there is no particular reason why this Committee should be a parsimonious exception to the rule.

*Malingering.*—Much has been said about the probable prevalence of malingering, and the fear that a doctor on the panel might be the subject of unjust attack, and become unpopular because of ordering a man to return to work. This fear already exists in work under the Friendly Societies. Doubtless under the Act there will be appointed medical referees, who will decide independently whether a man is fit to resume work or not. This will serve as a great protection to the doctor who has attended the case, and will save him the odium of making an often unpopular decision.

#### VIII.—CONCLUSION.

Looking at the matter broadly, for the first time in its history the whole profession will be united in a great scheme of curative and preventive work which is destined to diminish sickness and improve the national health and physique to an incalculable extent. This fact from an Imperial and Racial point of view is of supreme importance.

The writers' conclusions are:

(1) The idea of a flat capitation grant is much the most favorable method of payment for the profession. Certain extra payments for special services can be reasonably asked for, and no doubt will be granted.

(2) The effect of the Act will in a few years be obvious in a further rapid improvement in the public health, meaning, of course, on a capitation fee system, less work for proportionately higher pay.

(3) The doctor under the Act will have an entirely new outlook; for a third of the population he will act as the Public Health Officer as well as a Physician.

(4) It seems likely that with a capitation fee approaching 8s. 6d. for the insured part of his practice, the average income (gross) will be far higher than the assumed average income of the whole profession at the present moment.

(5) The Act will have the effect of improving the sale value of both practices and partnerships, and will tend to increase the number of partnerships.

(6) Both writers have been through the heart-breaking time of waiting for work during the slow building up of a new practice. They are agreed as to the immense advantage it would have been to them had the Act been in force in those days; both having obtained a fair measure of success, they claim to speak from experience.

(7) They would urge all medical men to ponder carefully before taking up an uncompromising attitude. The effect of a determination on the part of the Government to hand over the value of the medical benefits to the insured would be disastrous to the profession as a whole. The Friendly Societies would certainly collect the money, and would be only too eager to resume the control of the doctors which they surrendered so reluctantly during the passage of the measure through the House of Commons. The writers regard the suggested strike on the part of the doctors as quite impossible. Is it reasonable to ask the present Club and Friendly Society Doctors to give up their chief means of livelihood, especially when, under the Act, there is a certainty that their incomes will be very considerably increased? The establishment of a public medical service by the profession itself would need an elaborate and costly organisation, which would take years to perfect. If, as seems probable, the Government is prepared to give us reasonably fair terms, surely to project a separate and antagonistic scheme would be a waste of time and money.

## Life and Letters.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

FRANCE is alive this month with the memory of the man who more than any other furnished the inspiring words and ideas of the Revolution, Jean Jacques Rousseau, born on June 28th, 1712. The greatness or smallness of the part which thinkers or writers play in the drama of history is matter of unceasing controversy. Though the French Revolution is perhaps the classic instance of a formal deference of the men of action to the power of Reason, it may still remain an open question whether the books and ideas of the prophets and inspirers did more than "supply a formula for the accomplished fact," to quote Lord Morley's famous essay. But even the stoutest anti-intellectualist would find it difficult to deny some measure of efficient causality to the "Contrat Social," recited as revolutionary gospel by Marat to the enthusiastic Paris crowds, paraphrased in every revolutionary document, in every debate of the Assembly, and supplying the lawyers and the statesmen of the time with the forms of their ideal polity. And yet the "Contrat Social" was only one of many streams of molten power that issued from the heart and intellect of Rousseau. Carlyle rightly includes him among his Heroes, claiming for him the best qualities of sincerity and originality. To claim originality for Rousseau is, of course, to arouse a loud snort of challenge among those whose business it is to feed a passion for literary research with the pleasures of detraction. For there is perhaps no great modern thinker whose originality can be stripped off piecemeal with more apparent completeness. Almost all his famous thoughts and phrases can be traced to other lips and other pens. The root principles of his "Contrat Social" are all to be found in Hobbes, or Locke, or Althusen; they are the common stock of the European Reformation sucked in by Rousseau with his mother's milk in the metropolis of Protestantism where he was born. The conceptions of the State of Nature and the Social Pact between ruler and peoples as rational bases of the political State were common property of the pre-historical political theorists. The idea of the origin of Society in a "fall" from the primitive innocence of mankind was after all only a natural application of Genevan Calvinism to the sphere of politics. So also many of the distinctive thoughts on education in the "Emile" are traceable to Rabelais, Montesquieu, and Locke, or to the great Jesuit educationalists. The social criticism, even the literary form, of the "Nouvelle Héloïse," was moulded largely upon Richardson, whose "divine Clarissa" aroused a fury of sentimental enthusiasm among the Paris aristocrats and intellectuals, who were taking up the new fashion of simplicity and virtue.

But, when all has been said about origins and imitations, the fame and force of Rousseau's work stand unimpaired. His originality is not thus disposed of. He remains a necessary man to the French revolution. Had he never been born, the forces making for the overthrow of society would, no doubt, have made their way, but the actual course of events would have been different. For the world had reached a period when a larger measure of collective consciousness was needed to co-operate with the distinctively objective forces in determining events. It was necessary that the formative ideas of the revolution should be charged with the passion of Rousseau before they acquired power for action. Rousseau was not a logician, or a wit, or a man of learning; in fact he had comparatively little in common with the great sceptical intellects who were undermining the religious, political, and social superstitions of their time, and were preparing the foundations of an age of Reason. He absorbed, indeed, many of their conclusions; the passion of revolt against established order in Church and State, the necessity for swift radical changes in the conduct of affairs, were imposed by the instinct of self-preservation in a society visibly lapsing into decay and anarchy. But his rôle was not to think out methods of reforming policy, but to inflame the reforming spirit by

pouring fire into their revolutionary logic. Such a task, of course, demanded both force and independence of intellect. For it involved a revaluation of all values, not only religious dogmas and political institutions, but art and literature, education and domestic life. Hence it is of primary import to remember that Rousseau ranks with Diderot as the destroyer of the vapid and artificial classical traditions which made the art, literature, and drama of his time slaves to fixed, narrow modes of propriety and symmetry.

But if Rousseau's originality is more of the emotions than of the intellect, it is none the less original. Nor is it even the mere "sentimentalism" his enemies accuse him of. It is applied thought, and the mode of application is passion. Cold theorists might have prated until doomsday of the natural rights of liberty and their overlaying in the course of social evolution. They would never have generated the force which flashed and fired the hearts of men from the opening words of the "Contrat Social." "Man is born free, and is everywhere in chains." But Rousseau was no more a mere skilful rhetorician than a mere sentimentalist. He gave the requisite point and precision to his impassioned formulas. Though the "Contrat Social" is a large dogmatic pronouncement rather than a scientific treatise, it has a just claim to intellectual distinction in the compact body of democratic forms and sentiments which it presents. Nor can it be denied that his presentment of the conceptions of the "Sovereignty of the people" and of the "general will" is a great positive contribution to the working philosophy of modern politics. There was in his mature work none of the unguarded extremes or the passionate paradox of his youthful "Discourse on Inequality," with its wholesale denunciation of society and property. Consider, for example, that admirably serviceable account of practical equality, which might be well taken as a guiding text for our present-day reformers. "By equality we do not mean that all individuals shall have the same degree of wealth and power, but only, with respect to the former, that no citizen shall be rich enough to buy another, and that none shall be so poor as to be obliged to sell himself."

Solid thinkers, no doubt, tend to believe that modern times have somehow conspired to give undue influence to Rousseau. His intellect was prolific, rather than profound, inflammatory rather than exploratory. But he had the knack of applying his torch at the right place in many fields of activity, and of kindling separate fires in many rubbish-heaps of obsolescent notions and conventions. The social problem in its distinctively economic aspects lay before him, seeking a far more radical solution than was actually accorded to it by a too narrowly political revolution, compassed by middle-class politicians. Rousseau perceived, almost as clearly as Mazzini a century later, that the misery of the peoples demanded the attainment of effective economic as well as political democracy; although, living before the era of great mechanical inventions, he had no vision of the modern social movement. Indeed, the greatness of Rousseau as an intellectual force lay in his recognition of the need for simultaneous revolutions in all departments of life. This gave a certain encyclopedic quality to his activities. He saw the necessity of combining individual reform of character with social change, and so attacked the roots of character in education and the home. The "Nouvelle Héloïse," frankly speaking, is not found readable, excepting as an effort, by modern Englishmen, or possibly by modern Frenchmen. We find an admirably characteristic sentence passed upon it in an English work that lies before us. "The 'New Héloïse' is a remarkable combination of over-strained sentiment and practical good sense, without any of that faculty which we call the sense of humor being employed to restrain or harmonise them." The same is true of large sections of the "Emile"; even "The Savoyard Vicar," the vehicle of many of Rousseau's sincerest and noblest sentiments, overloads us with moral platitudes. But for all that, we have no right to refuse to Rousseau a high and proper place as a first-rate reformer in literature and language, in education, religious thought, and family life, as in the

larger movement of politics. The men and women of his time and age were moved passionately by his writings; not only statesmen legislated at his command, but mothers suckled their own children because he bade them. Not the least of Rousseau's achievements was the discovery of the joys and beauties of the country, what Sainte-Beuve called *le sentiment de vert*; not, it is true, the full Wordsworthian spirituality of Nature, but a genuine current of reaction against artifice and luxury in a society perishing of these excesses.

All this power and all these works came from a personality, perhaps not in itself stranger or more full of apparent contradictions than others, but one which has concentrated upon itself an unusual amount of heated discussion. Those who, not possessing genius themselves, are drawn on by a constant craving to contrast the nobler sentiments and judicious reasoning of philosophers with the meannesses and inconsistencies of their conduct, find in Rousseau an admirable subject for their censorious practices. The game is not a very fair one, for it is based first upon information which Rousseau has laid against himself in a mood of confidence, and, secondly, on the detestable and scientific blackening of his character by Diderot and Grimm, through the elaborately remodelled memoirs of Madame d'Epinay. A full account and exposure of this wicked deed of literary perversion is to be found in Mrs. Frederika Macdonald's "Jean Jacques Rousseau," which, in our view, finally relieves Rousseau of a weight of unjust odium. Rousseau was moody, and in later life suspicions—not unfounded—of conspiracies against his character and happiness somewhat unmannered him. Enmeshed in care and poverty most of his life, mixing in every order of society, belonging properly to none, engaged in arduous and perilous tasks of propagating new subversive ideas in an age of brutal repression, his character as well as his health was somewhat battered and distorted by the rude tide of events. Any man in such a case would be likely to have the very roots of his nature twisted into strange forms of virtue and vice, wisdom and folly. Most men by conscious or unconscious hypocrisy would seek to leave to posterity a flattered portrait of themselves. Rousseau performed a supreme feat of courage and self-sacrifice in adding to the rich freight of thought and feeling with which he dowered mankind the veracious portrait of a man, himself. It is true that in doing so he imagined that his readers, recognising each the inner defects of his own nature, would give him full credit for the nobler qualities, the courage, the generosity, the fine and accurate sympathy with human sorrow and misfortune, which shine out from so many passages of his life. He thought that his "Confessions" would serve in some sort as a vindication of his life. It sometimes seems as if here, at any rate, he had made a great mistake, as if he had handed himself over naked to his enemies, who have conspired to set aside the nobler revelations as self-praise, and to hold up to scorn and reprobation the meannesses and vices which, ever colored and heightened by penitence, he had the honest daring to reveal. Indeed, the very courage is often denounced as a separate vice, a callous effrontery. But, in proportion as hypocrisy is got under in the hard tussle with the art of truth-telling, the more will it be argued that the "Confessions" should be accounted, with all their imperfections, a true deed of intellectual and moral heroism.

#### THE MODERN IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

WHETHER the nobility, the landowners, and other wealthy people read the Bible more diligently fifty years ago than they read it now, we cannot be sure. There is an uncomfortable saying about the rich man's difficulty in entering the kingdom of heaven; woe is invoked on those who add field to field; and common people have long known that the nobility need a special prayer to be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding. From men and women who are so seriously and persistently occupied in organising their seasonable pleasures, it



would be cruel to ask any seriousness or persistence beyond; and we gather from memoirs that the wealthy of mid-Victorian times were as deeply engrossed in fulfilling those pleasurable duties as they are now, though the forms of pleasure have slightly changed. But we are inclined to think that in those days, though neglectful of Bible reading themselves, the rich did regard it as a better thing for the poor than they do at present, and as a surer means of keeping the lower classes content with that state of life into which it had pleased God to call them.

Whether, in spite of this encouragement, the working classes of the time really knew the Bible better than they know it now, again we could not be certain. Perhaps the daughters of "the House" taught more frequently in the Sunday Schools as part of the obligation of nobility. In the country the pressure upon laborers to go to church and hear selected portions of the Bible read was rather stronger. And in towns there were the Ragged Schools, largely Biblical in teaching. At the present day, though a far greater proportion of work-people could read the Bible for themselves if they wished, they seldom do; but, on the other hand, the "simple Bible teaching" of the Board Schools diffuses a wider knowledge of such ideas and stories as children may understand or remember. So it is difficult to speak with certainty of either the lower or the upper classes, whose interest, apart from the daily occupation of getting through their pleasure or work, lies in sport rather than in religion or morality. But of the large middle-class in all its variety, from the professional people down to clerks and shopkeepers, we can speak with much greater assurance. The decline of Biblical knowledge within the last fifty years has been very rapid, as a recent lecture by Professor Denney sorrowfully admits. People are complaining about it now, and, if it is a bad thing, they have cause for complaint.

The present writer, like most men who sprang from the middle class in Victorian times, was brought up on the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. Chapter by chapter it was read through, from Genesis to Revelation, day by day, and then begun again. It was taught at "lessons"; it was learnt by heart; the stories in it were constantly repeated, and they were almost the only stories one heard; the texts flew from mouth to mouth; our very jests were mildly Scriptural; forbidden acting was always of Samson or David and Goliath; illustrated books were of the Bible, and by painting Adam and Eve rose-pink, the Tabernacle emerald-green, and Joshua crimson-lake as he bade the gamboge sun stand still, one impressed the sacred history indelibly on the mind. The very volume of a Bible was sacred. No other book was allowed to lie upon it. If it fell from the table, horror seized us as at the heaven's falling. No one doubted that every syllable between its covers was the direct utterance of God, and all the syllables were equally divine. The heedless or mocking use of its words was a blasphemy for which eternal fire was kindled. The authority of every sentence, no matter what the context, was unquestioned and everlasting; and if, for instance, a clergyman had read the verse from Isaiah denouncing "woe to them that go down to Egypt for help, and stay on horses," and had deduced the wickedness of the Suez Canal, or of the employment of good cavalry in war, we should have thought him God-fearing rather than insane.

It was all very perverse, very uncritical and unscholarly. We made no distinction between the valuable things of the spirit and the indifferent matters of history, custom, and antiquarian interest, but took everything as it came, all being equally inspired. The result of this blind acceptance may be seen even to-day when the preachers of our churches, chapels, parks, and street corners still string together texts culled at their own sweet will from scattered passages up and down the Bible, and on such a chain of evidence hang any doctrine they please. But there were two dangers even more serious. The more obvious was that when ordinary criticism proved it impossible to retain simple-hearted traditions and those matters of merely antiquarian interest either as literal

history or specially divine command, such criticism appeared to shake the whole spiritual fabric of religion, with which it had no real concern. The result of this danger also may be seen any day in the parks when the hard-shell critic supposes he has knocked Christianity on the head if he has added up the generations of Adam and found their sum does not correspond with the conjectures of the Anthropological Society as to the length of man's existence upon earth.

But more subtle was the danger that the extreme familiarity of our knowledge made us incapable of realising the greatness and beauty of the Bible, or of understanding the real meaning and value of particular passages. The words, so well known from childhood, slipped off us like water, unexamined and unrealised. Open the Bible at haphazard, even in the easier books; say you come upon the eleventh chapter of St. Luke, and read the passage beginning, "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places." Every word is familiar; you can say all the verses by heart; but under the old upbringing you would probably never have reflected what morbid state of mind is there implied, or how strange it is that Christ should thus have analysed it. Or open at some of St. Paul's writings, and try to follow his leaping logic, dashing to a conclusion through wild analogies. If you came under the old dispensation of Bible reading, you will find the extreme difficulty of following his meaning enormously increased by the very familiarity of the language, which makes it all seem so easy and plain.

The young of to-day, it is said, are exposed to no such dangers or difficulties, for their ignorance is general or complete. Far from being over-familiar with the Bible, they are not familiar at all. In one respect their gain may be great. If they come to read the Bible for the first time when they are grown up, they will approach it with a freshness of interest and an intensity of understanding that familiarity from childhood precludes. After the usual course of Greek and Roman, or, perhaps, of Hindu and Chinese literature, it would mark an astonishing epoch in mental life to come suddenly and unawares upon the Bible. To win the full effect, all European literature since the Christian era, including English, would have to be debarred from the previous education, because it is all so steeped in Biblical reference and language. But to gain the astonishment and admiration with which a mature and educated mind would discover the Bible might be worth even so great a sacrifice.

As things stand, the sacrifice is not complete enough to win that reward, and education seems to lose such advantage as familiarity gave, without gaining the vital glow of novelty, surprise, and exploration—such a glow as Keats felt on opening Homer. Undoubtedly much is lost. To put the matter at its very lowest, an intimate acquaintance with a literature of great splendor, translated into English of extraordinary beauty, is lost. We were speaking the other day of a cultured lady who brings up her children on the Bible in the hope they may acquire "a strong Anglo-Saxon style." It was not with that object that the present writer was nurtured on the Scriptures, nor do we believe that even that low object can thus be gained. For style is not a matter of imitated words or rhythms that can be taught; it springs from an inward and spiritual grace, far beyond the reach of imitation. If the grace is present, style need not be given a moment's thought; and if it is not there, the tongue of men and angels is but sounding brass. But still it may be that some unconscious influence, some dignity and grandeur of thought, may touch even the language of a child who has been assiduously nursed upon the stories of Joseph, Elijah, and Ruth, or of a man who from early boyhood has known the Psalms, Isaiah, and such passages as that wherein Job laments his existence and wishes he had died at birth:—

"Now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves. . . . There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master. Wherefore is light given to



him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul? Which long for death, but it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave? . . . For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came."

One might hope that the man brought up on thought and language of that kind might at least be deaf to Mr. Senator Smith, and reject the "hogwash" of our sentimental rhetoricians. One might hope he would be alert to perceive the subdued hints and lurking suggestions of our language—all the delicate and subconscious use of words and phrases within which lies a double significance due to some dim association with the Bible's text. And for association of meaning, of incident, story, parable, or doctrine, what great European art of the last two thousand years is even comprehensible without the Biblical knowledge which has permeated every mood of our imagination? Read any of the greatest poems, visit any gallery of the masters, or examine the sculpture—say, on the porches of Pisa Cathedral—and try to discover what a generation ignorant of the Bible would make of it all!

But admitting that these advantages of style, literature, association, and the understanding of European arts are not matters of first-rate importance—are not matters for which we should think of sacrificing the education of the soul—we are faced by that ultimate question whether on the whole it is better for the growing intelligence to be kept in touch with the Bible, or to be reared on substitutes such as the Greek myths and history, the greatest imaginative works, irreproachable stories like Hans Andersen's, or simply on the marvels of the surrounding world. The question leads to regions outside our purpose, but keeping on the beaten level of the world, we might ask what other collection of books, written by various hands and at various dates, contains a variety so strongly dominated by a special unity of object and idea? That unity is broken, we believe, only by the "Song of Solomon"—a charming poem, but "outside the picture," as artists say. The unity lies in celebrating the pervading glory of God, who dwells in the beauty of holiness. It is a conception that transfigures with peculiar splendor even so common an emotion as patriotism. For nowhere else, hardly even in the Greek historians, has the yearning of patriotism, the lamentation over an erring country, and the defiance of her unrighteous enemies been uttered with such poignancy, regret, and outbursts of triumph as in the Psalms, Isaiah, and the other Biblical prophets. As for the personal soul, no book, we suppose, has influenced so many "grave livers," has opened such aspects of eternity in ordinary life, or has so transfigured ordinary personality by the creation of a new spirit within. For these reasons its disappearance from common knowledge may imply deep spiritual loss, and in the present education of the young we do not find anything sufficient in spiritual power to take its place.

#### A FEAST AMONG THE BUTTERCUPS.

"THE feast was held in a large green field at the lower end of the village. The road to Faringdon ran along one side of it, and a brook by the side of the road; and above the brook was another large gentle sloping pasture land, and a footpath running down it from the churchyard; and the old church, the originator of all the mirth, towered up with its grey walls and lancet windows, overlooking and sanctioning the whole, though its own share therein had been forgotten."

Readers of "Tom Brown" will remember the scene. It was where the Uffington Feast used to be held when Tom was a boy; and it was where the Saintmaker of Swindon gathered us all together for the Tom Brown Feast one Saturday afternoon last May.

Everyone in the Workers' Educational Association knows the Saintmaker. Everyone in Swindon knows him, too. To the outer world he is just a Socialistic Alderman, a meddler, a busybody, a frequenter of

strange gatherings, a dreamer of wild dreams. But we, who love him from the tip of his bald red head to the soles of his unresting feet, know that his dreams have a way of coming true. He told us that Swindon, which the passing traveller sees as a wren on the fair countryside, was to be a centre of light and learning; that was four years ago. To-day the Swindon Tutorial Class has just finished its three-year course with a record attendance, and the foremen at the works are puzzled, and a little angry, to find men memorising Greek words, marked up in chalk above their work-places. He told us Swindon had a duty to the villages from which she drew her manhood, the stagnant villages of Berks and Wilts, of which all the reformers despair. Out went a band of comrades, with enthusiasm in their hearts and the English poets in their pockets, and lit a candle in rural England that has been as a beacon to watchers in lonely places. He told us Swindon—ugly, capitalist-ridden Swindon—was the centre of a country of Saints. And lo! Richard Jefferies Day at Burdrop and Tom Brown Day at Uffington, and Thomas Hobbes Day at Malmesbury, and William Morris Day at Kilmescott become fixed red-letter days in the Swindon calendar. If only we knew the Saintmaker's birthday we would make it the reddest day of all!

But we cannot afford to be too particular about dates. All our Saints days are on Saturday afternoons, when the Great Western Railway Works set us free for a half-holiday. And Tom Hughes, whenever his birthday was, is just the saint to invite pilgrims on a fine afternoon in late spring, when the meadows are bright with buttercups and the hedgerows fragrant with Hawthorn and there are just enough clouds in the sky for their shadows to chase one another in glee across his native Downs. It was a large and motley pilgrimage that assembled at Swindon Station after the luncheon-hour. There must have been over three hundred of us from the town and the near villages, all workpeople except a stray professor or two from Bristol and Oxford. The Saintmaker has a way of attracting all generations to his banner. Grandfather and grandmother were there because they love the country they were born in, and there will only be a little way to walk. The children come because the Saintmaker loves them, and there will be tea and cakes and some good songs. Besides, they can play in the big field, if they like, during the speeches. And father and mother come most gladly of all, because the Saintmaker has shown them the way to a new and better kind of comradeship, and they bless him for it.

We wandered gently through the green lanes from the station to the village, which was full of an eager, half-bashful, expectancy. Folks were standing shyly at the doors of their little thatched cottages, wondering whether they dare join the crowd as it sauntered by in its best go-to-meeting town clothes. A good sprinkling of them took heart of grace; and a little handful, whose daring was not quite equal to their curiosity, took up concealed positions in the churchyard, and stood peeping at the feast over the hedge. When we reached the "large green field" we found everything ready for us—a low platform among the buttercups, a Maypole, gay with streamers, and, rolled up under the hedge, some stair-carpets from the Vicarage to be spread out for the picnic tea. The Saintmaker never forgets a happy detail.

We began with the Saintmaker's favorite songs, which will now always be our favorites too. Then came the reading of letters of apology and the surprise of the afternoon. Three old gentlemen wrote charming letters regretting that their great age, eighty-nine, prevented them from being present to honor the memory of their old Rugby friend, Thomas Hughes. Two of these old gentlemen were—who do you think?—Harry East and Slogger Williams, the heroes of the great fight, still alive and alert, and still disputing, to judge from a remark in Harry East's delightful letter, as to whether Slogger Williams was a fair portrait of a well-known and respected Church dignitary. Slogger Williams's own letter was eloquently silent on the subject. Nor had the Saintmaker forgotten the Great Headmaster's place in the life of his saint. From Miss Arnold of Fox How,

the last surviving child of Dr. Arnold, came a beautiful letter of greeting, which was read to us in the course of an interesting speech by Mrs. Arnold-Forster, the widow of his adopted son.

But the speech of the afternoon was by Miss May Hughes, Tom's daughter. We felt she was every inch Tom's daughter as we hung upon her lips there while she poured out a stream of stories among the buttercups, and when at last she ended—as we wished she never would—there was not one of us who did not feel like calling our Saint simply "Father," as she did. And she told us not only about Father, but about Grandfather and Great-grandfather—and Great-grandmother too. How Great-grandmother, the Canon's wife, a C.O.S. woman before her time, used to dose her poorer neighbors with physic, but never, never give them gifts of money, and how her softer-hearted old husband used to hand out half-crowns behind his (and her) back. How Grandfather used to go about with acorns in his pocket, which he would drop in likely places, "and that avenue of oaks over there is the result." How this same eccentric old gentleman was a practised ventriloquist; how once an invisible dog kept barking from under the table at a farmers' dinner to disconcert a conceited bore of a young farmer whom nobody else could deal with. How Father never could understand that they, brought up in London, did not know the names of birds and flowers. What a lovely day Sunday used to be, when Father used to bring out a very special kind of story-book, full of pictures of angels and devils crawling up and down people's sleeves in a sort of tug-of-war for their souls. How Father used to take them to church, where he raced them through the Psalms, and always won, and how afterwards they tried not to go to sleep over "dear Frederick Denison Maurice's sermons, which were just a little dull for us children, though Father used to say we should be glad some day to have heard them." How once, just when they had come down for family prayers before breakfast, Father pointed out of the window to an old gentleman walking up the street, with three collie dogs playing round him. "There, children," he said, "goes the good Lord Shaftesbury." And how they used to grumble sometimes, when Father was busy with the Working Men's College, that he spent so much time over other people's children, instead of staying at home and playing with them; "but now, when I see the seed of his work springing up in such a gathering as this, I give thanks for it." And how, when he was an old man he went back to stand in the pulpit at Rugby—the first layman that ever stood there—and closed his speech with these words, so characteristic of his whole life: "Keep God alive in your hearts, and go bravely forward."

Speeches over, the stair carpets were unrolled and tea and cakes became the order of the day. Then we gathered round the Maypole to see the village children dance, and watch their fathers' shy surprise at the wonders their schoolmaster had taught them. Then, as the dance died down, the old grey church, "the originator of all the mirth," which seemed to have been watching us, with a peaceful happiness, all the long afternoon, suddenly woke up and found its voice. The bells pealed for evensong, and we strolled slowly in from the field, through the low Norman door, into the cool aisles. Here man worshipped six centuries ago, before Swindon was dreamt of, when men could still take a pride in the work of their hands; here Tom Hughes was baptised in 1823; and here we stood up, three hundred of us, pilgrims from the city of darkness and dreamers of dreams, to give thanks for a great Englishman and to sing songs of the future:—

"O God of earth and altar,  
Bow down and hear our cry;  
Our earthly rulers falter,  
Our people drift and die;  
The walls of gold entomb us,  
The swords of scorn divide;  
Take not Thy thunder from us,  
But take away our pride.

"From all that terror teaches,  
From lies of tongue and pen,  
From all the easy speeches  
That comfort cruel men,

From sale and profanation  
Of honor and the sword,  
From sleep and from damnation;  
Deliver us, good Lord."

So we sang, and as we sang we dreamed, and in the spirit of the dream we walked home through the quiet green lanes at twilight—home to bed—but not to sleep.

## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

### V.—A REFUGE OF REASON.

It is a modest building, ninety years old, semi-classical in the style of George IV., painted in shades of drab—a humanitarian and rational Pantheon, consecrated originally to the glory of one God only, but growing rather dubious even of one, as time goes on. Interesting in its dingy simplicity, it recalls a sober and clear-headed breed of men, who exercised reason in days when reason was still a persecuted, a dangerous, and, within the bounds of human kindness and brotherly love, a rather militant thing; and it is full of memories already dim and strange, so far has thought carried us within the possible life-time of one old man.

Its founders had once been followers of Elhanan Winchester, a daring Bostonian, who came to this country proclaiming Universalism—the doctrine that all mankind would ultimately be saved. That was an incredible supposition to those grim believers who never doubted that even John Wesley, on his death at eighty-seven, passed directly into the lake of fire. Even Unitarians, themselves under penal laws at the time, feared such heresy would shake morality by removing the terror of eternal flames. But when Winchester's long battle with hell was over, it was the Unitarians who took up his work, and, after the reign of William Vidler, a Unitarian light of Hackney, they appointed William Johnson Fox as their guide. By him the present structure was erected in South Place, convenient for the intellectual of Hackney, Dalston, even of Camden Town, and more convenient now than then. There he illuminated the path of reason and progress for more than forty years, a rebellious, encouraging, and radiant presence, inspiring to young genius, and early recognising its value. His virtues are still remembered. On leaving the chapel after a special service last year, a woman, who has closely followed sixty years of thought, said to me: "The last time I came, it was to hear W. J. Fox. That was a man!"

His bust and portrait are now placed in the chapel, near the entrance. So is the portrait of Moncure Conway, Abolitionist, preacher of peace, man of wide culture, and friend of genius during the second half of last century. So, too, are the bust and portrait of Tom Paine, author of "The Rights of Man"; and—looking a little strange in such surroundings—so are pencil drawings of Eliza Flower, musician, who had Browning and Mill as her friends, or more than friends; and of her sister, Sarah Flower Adams. For this home of cool and pellucid reason was also the birthplace of "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—the hymn that keeps people patient up to the minute of imminent death, and is now said to be in a fair way to redeem Paris from her sins.

Such is the history of which the drab walls, the galleries, the classic columns, and decent pews are redolent, nor has the course of their history been violently broken yet, though the assurance of a Personal Unity gradually fades. An Ethical Society, standing on its own independent basis, holds the chapel now, and its affairs are managed by a Committee, elected by such members of the congregation as are over twenty-one, have been registered for twelve months, and have paid the previous quarter's rent for their seats. No stricter test of faith appears to be required, and, indeed, I do not know what stricter test than the last is needed; for no one would pay to sit in South Place out of perversity, or in obedience to fashion, or as an opportunity for display. In a hotel opposite the chapel a Sunday School is held for the training of the young in the use of reason, an accomplishment now so rare, so nearly extinct. In connection with the chapel there is a lending library of



thoughtful books; rambles are organised to places of historic interest; discussions on thought and behavior are held; and, next October, the Sunday evening concerts will be resumed with the 613th—a record of persistence such as no concert-hall in London can show.

On these lines the Committee works, but behind or above the Committee one may discern three or four well-known figures, who hold, as it were, an "incumbency" or pastor's office in commission. One is a distinguished economist and writer on political philosophy; another a Socialist leader of old standing; a third a prominent man of letters, who has abandoned the more definitely dogmatic position of the Roman Church; and there is a fourth—the most industrious pamphleteer and essayist of our time; but his present position as a member of His Majesty's Government precludes him from his former share in the chapel's guidance. Other speakers or writers of special knowledge or eminence in literature, politics, or philosophy are from time to time called in for variety. In April, for instance, Mr. Philip Snowden discoursed on "The Economic and Social Effects of Trusts," and on the 23rd of this month Dr. John Oakesmith will renew the question, "Is Browning a Poet?" But in glancing through the monthly lists of Sunday discourses, one finds the names of Mr. John Hobson, Mr. Herbert Burrows, and Mr. Joseph McCabe generally repeated; and if Mr. John Robertson's name has not recently been so frequent, the congregation, however Liberal, can only hope his absence may be brief.

Last Sunday, it fell to the distinguished economist to officiate. Or, if that is not the right word (since there was no "office"), let us say to take the service, or hold the discourse. On the wall high above his platform were inscribed the words of Polonius, "To thine own self be true." In the middle of the opposite gallery, staring him full in the face, was a large clock, so rational an adjunct to any service. Above the clock a small but very choice choir—some eight or ten men and women excellently trained—performed two anthems, one a setting of Omar's quatrains, beginning "I sometimes think that never blows so red The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled," the other a rather rollicking ode on "The Chivalry of Labor," unknown to me, but, I hope, celebrating the final decease of chivalry and all its trumpery, so long a-dying. Hymns were sung too, the Hymnal including moral poems by Matthew Arnold, Clough, Adelaide Proctor, W. J. Fox, and a good many Americans, such as Longfellow, Whittier, and Eliza T. Clapp (who, I suppose, was an American). Moral poems are produced by America in peculiar abundance. They are not very satisfactory, but they are better than "There is a fountain filled with blood." Like most hymns, they need not be mistaken for poetry, and commonplace may just as well be rhymed as not. The congregation numbered about 200 or something more, for the most part men, none, I think, to be called poor, and all adult.

Hymns and collection being over, the lecturer rose from a setting of dwarf palms and Marguerite daisies that adorned the front of the platform. Oxford had known him, tolerated his learning, and admired his high-jump. Economists had marvelled at his introduction of incalculable human factors into their precise and abstract science. Fabians had chafed at the sight of so progressive a thinker standing aloof from their doctrines of expert officialdom. Fabians, Clericals, and all other Imperialists alike had hated him as the most satiric of Pro-Boers—a master of satire, pitiless in stripping off the last rag that covered cant. Too humorous for fanaticism, almost too humorous for party, too perceptive of all sides in human problems to limit himself to any formula as final or sufficient, he could hardly be labelled with the mark of any particular and exclusive section in politics or thought. Take the common division into Socialists and Individualists: among which should one place him? Perhaps economists know. To others he appears equally formidable to Individualist and Socialist, though especially formidable to exploiters, concession-hunters, and all such as suck the surplus values created by labor and trade. Economists may decide his technical position.

Others know him as the man who will expose hypocrisy and demolish the diplomatist's excuses for the subjugation of the weak with a denunciation equally ironic and courageous—all the more courageous because by nature and habit he belongs to the class of whom Goethe said, "Thought widens but lames."

So, in the middle of the platform, rising from the greenery, he stood, tall, pale, large-eyed, worn thin by a life that has always hung like the creaking door, and began his discourse on Syndicalism. We are not now concerned with the substance. It was a clear statement of the Syndicalist position, its distrust of Parliaments, representation, and State or political machinery; its reliance upon "direct action" and the general strike for the expropriation of productive means by bodies of workmen for their own profit alone; its reliance also, not so much on violence, as on a "fine myth," which would work the people to enthusiasm, and topple over the enfeebled horns of the possessing classes, as the blast of the ram's horns toppled the walls of Jericho. "I don't think things will go that way," he said quietly, and proceeded to point out certain obstacles in the path of the Syndicalist ideal—the probable collapse of the expropriators before the armed forces which usually maintain the cause of the possessors; and then the difficulty of organizing wages and exchange, even if groups of workers held the means of production themselves; and, again, the general tendency "in our beery atmosphere" to suspect any logical solution, to cling to compromises and half-measures, and to clutch casually at any opportunity as it comes. But we are not concerned with the treatment. The point of interest for us lies in the choice of subject.

The object of the Church appears to be to confront, if not to elucidate, one of the great problems of the time Sunday by Sunday. At the moment, the significance of Syndicalism is such a problem. It is a sign of the growing distrust of politicians felt by many in all classes and both sexes—a distrust which is eating away even the belief in Parliaments and our partially representative system, till lately the pride of our history. Political sermons are obviously dangerous. We do not want the *status quo* or the good old times defended by what John Sterling called a Black Dragoon in every parish. On the whole it is safer to leave our priests and curates to their moral and doctrinal lessons, or their reconciliations of science with religion. But still the great political problems stand glaring at us. They are urgent, and will not be refused. They change perpetually, and never more quickly than in the present years. Already the causes and questions of ten years ago appear trivial and *doctrinaire*—the problems of abstract dilettantism, not much more vital than chess. But Syndicalism, recurrent strikes, the conscious and organized discontent of the men and women who compose all but a fraction of the nation—those are serious and concrete apparitions. If there is a man wise enough, sympathetic enough, and so courageous as to tell us without reservation what they mean and where they lead us, should we not listen? The thing is urgent. It is as full of possibility and intense expectation as the half-hour before a battle. If a church stands open where we may learn the truth of it from trained knowledge and disinterested wisdom—all for nothing, or for what we may put in a wooden bowl—is it not worth our while to go? So South Place is full of grown-up and thoughtful listeners, with men in larger proportion than most churches show.

But the discourses are not entirely political; the services are not political at all. In the Society's programme for the present month we read:—

"The ethical movement is first and foremost a spiritual propaganda. Its gods are high ideas: things of the soul, truth, moral enthusiasm, ethical ideals. This appeal is universal in its nature, and if successful, will form good men and women, who will be good men and women in all spheres, including the political."

There is something a little chilly and abstract in such language. The worship of high ideas as gods leaves many cold. They miss the personal appeal, the emotion of personality. In moral enthusiasm and ethical ideals, as compared with a personal object of devotion, they feel



all the estranging difference between a written law and a living spirit.

But to others this difference may seem no great matter. Some are so constituted as to be capable of adoring an idea, just as some are born mathematicians. Perhaps more are fully conscious of the difference, and of the loss. The loss cannot be helped. They refuse to be lulled into a fool's paradise which their reason rejects. "Truth though it blast me!" is their cry, and imperfect as reason is for the discovery of truth, yet it seems to be the best poor instrument we have. Anything is better, they say, than a deliberate and enforced acceptance of comfortable beliefs because they comfort. And even at the worst, if all that reason rejects is stripped away, how much still remains untouched! "What though the field be lost? All is not lost." The marvels of existence stand about us so thick on every side, and leading out to so incalculable a distance of thought and speculation, that in a long life it is impossible even to realise that they are marvellous. Touch the universe where you will, and it expands to an infinity at which imagination staggers. The stars, the ether, the whirling little earth, the lightning, the imperceptible atom that seems quick with a kind of life—when moving in regions such as those, one may deem the imaginings of man about the divine little better than fairy-tales for babies. And then there is man himself—the queerest of discovered miracles, capable of thought, of mathematics, of transfiguring emotions, of laughter, of enjoyment, and of behavior and motives nearly as often good as bad! Strip away what you will, these are things that reason accepts, and of them no science or research can deprive her. "Is it so small a thing," these worshippers may cry, with Matthew Arnold's Empedocles:—

"Is it so small a thing  
To have enjoyed the sun,  
To have lived light in the spring,  
To have loved, to have thought, to have done?"

Is this so small a thing "that we must feign a bliss of doubtful future date?" "Small or great," they may say, "it is certain; it is assured as an everlasting possession so long as man endures. We will follow reason wherever it leads, as the Greek philosopher bade us, but where reason stops we go no further. Within her limits there is room for great action, for profound emotion, and incalculable thought. There is even room for religion, if you will allow us to say what religion is."

H. W. N.

## Short Studies.

### FELICITY.

WHEN God is so good to the fields, of what use are words—those poor husks of sentiment? There is no painting Felicity on the wing! No way of bringing on to the canvas the flying story of things. A single buttercup of the twenty millions in one field is worth all these dry symbols—that can never body forth the very spirit of that froth of May breaking over the hedges, of this choir of birds and bees, of the lost-travelling down of the anemones, and white-throated swallows in their Odysseys. Just here there are no skylarks, yet what joy of song and leaf; of lanes lighted with bright trees, the few oaks still golden-brown, and the ashes still spiritual! Only the blackbirds and thrushes can sing-up this day, and cuckoos over the hill. The year has flown so fast that the apple-trees have dropped nearly all their bloom, and in "long meadow" the "daggers" are out early, beside the narrow, bright streams. Orpheus sits there on a stone, when nobody is by, and pipes to the ponies; and Pan can often be seen dancing with his nymphs in the raised beech-grove where it is always twilight—if you lie still against the far bank.

Who can believe in growing old, so long as we are wrapped in this cloak of color and wings and song; so

long as this unimaginable vision is here for us to gaze at; the soft-faced sheep about us, and the wool-bags drying out along the fence, and great numbers of tiny ducks, so trustful that the crows have taken several?

Blue is the color of youth, and all the blue flowers have a "fey" look. Everything seems young—too young to work. There is but one thing busy, a starling, fetching grubs for its little family, above my head—it must take that flight at least two hundred times a day. The children will be very fat.

When the sky is so happy, and the flowers so luminous, it does not seem possible that the bright angels of this day shall pass into dark night, that slowly these wings shall close, and the cuckoo praise himself to sleep, mad midges dance in the evening, the grass shiver with dew, wind die, and no bird sing.

Yet so it is. Day has gone—the song and glamor and swoop of wings. Slowly has passed the daily miracle. It is night. But Felicity has not withdrawn; she has but changed her robe for silence, velvet, and the pearl fan of the moon. Everything is sleeping, save a single star, and the pansies. Why they should be more wakeful than the other flowers I do not know. The expressions of their faces, if one bends down into the dusk, are sweeter and more cunning than ever. They have some compact, no doubt, in hand. What a number of voices those were that have given up the ghost to this night of but one voice—the murmur of the stream out there in darkness! With what religion all has been done. Not one buttercup open; the yew trees already with shadows flung down! No moths are abroad yet; it is too early in the year for night-jars; and the owls are quiet. But who shall say that in this silence, in this hovering, wan light, in this air bereft of wings, and of all scent save freshness, there is less of the ineffable, less of that before which words are dumb?

It is strange how this tranquillity, that seems so final, is inhabited, if one keeps still enough. A lamb is bleating out there on the dim moor; a bird somewhere, a little one, about three fields away, makes the sweetest kind of chirruping; some cows are still cropping. There is a scent, too, underneath the freshness—sweet-briar, I think, and our Dutch honeysuckle; nothing else could so delicately twine itself with air. And even in this darkness the roses have color, more beautiful perhaps than ever. If color be, as they say, but the effect of light on various fibre, one may think of it as a tune, the song of thanksgiving that each form puts forth, to sun and moon and stars and fire. These moon-colored roses are singing a most quiet song. I see all of a sudden that there are many more stars beside that one so red and watchful. The flown kite is there with its seven pale worlds; it has adventured high and far to-night—with a company of others remoter still.

Than this serenity of night, what seems less likely ever more to move, and change again into day? Surely now the world has found its long sleep; and the pearly glimmer from the moon will last, and this precious silence never again yield to clamor; the grape-bloom of this mystery never more pale out into gold.

And yet it is not so. The nightly miracle has passed. It is dawn. Faint light has come. I am waiting for the first sound. The sky as yet is like nothing but grey paper, with the shadows of wild geese passing. The trees are phantoms. And then it comes—that first call of a bird, startled at discovering day! Just one call—and now, here, there, on all the trees, the sudden answers swelling, of that most sweet and careless choir. Was irresponsibility ever so divine as this, of birds waking! Then—safron into the sky, and once more silence! What is it birds do after the first Chorale? Think of their sins and business? Or just sleep again? The trees are fast dropping unreality, and the cuckoos begin calling. Color is burning up in the flowers already; the dew smells of them.

The miracle is ended, for the starling has begun its job; and the sun is fretting those dark busy wings with gold. Full day has come again—but the face of it is a little strange. It is not like yesterday. Queer—to think, no day is like to a day that's past, and no night like a night that's coming! Why, then, fear death

which is but night? Why care, if next day have different face and spirit?

The sun has lighted butter-cup field, the wind touches the lime tree. Something passes over me away up there.

It is Felicity on her wings.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## Letters to the Editor.

### SIGNOR GIOLITTI AND ENGLISH LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—No one will probably derive more amusement at being qualified as the "Strong Man of Italy" than the genial cynic whose intellectual subtlety and masterly knowledge of political human nature have succeeded for so long in marshalling into line the conflicting interests—agrarian, protectionist, official, professional—that dominate Italian politics. The recent interview with Signor Giolitti, published in a London daily, is, however, an evident token of his desire to stand well with the English Liberal Press. Of course, the Tripoli War is popular in Italy in the sense that the Boer War was popular in England, but the Italian Premier must not expect English Liberalism to rejoice in the fact that the nobler instincts of the Italian nation have been temporarily obscured by an attack of Jingo fever, nor to win our sympathies for the discredited and doomed elements of Italian public life. To the honor of Italian democracy, be it said, the war has not been universally popular. Signor Turati, the eminent Socialist leader and editor of the "*Critica Sociale*," chief organ of Italian Socialism, has courageously and consistently opposed it from the beginning; so has the Prince of Teano, the illustrious author of the "*Annali d'Islam*" and the greatest living authority on the history and economic possibilities of North Africa. The bulk of the Socialist and Republican parties have been, and are, opposed to the war; and Signor de Felice, the popular Sicilian Deputy, one of its most eloquent protagonists, has returned, after eight months' experience in Tripoli, utterly disillusioned, and consumed with indignation at its authors; at the sordid financial interests which helped to engineer it, and which have profited by it.

The reaction against the war is marked. A Socialist anti-war candidate succeeded in polling a majority of votes in a recent by-election at Alexandria, in spite of official pressure and violence, and charges of Pro-Turk, and of acceptance of Turkish money, freely levelled at him. Crowded and successful anti-war meetings have been held at Milan, Savona, Siena, and other large cities; unemployment and misery caused by the war are increasing; sanguinary riots have taken place at Comacchio; at Foggia and Cerignola bakers' carts have been raided and sacked by starving peasants and the poor; drought-stricken crops of the South and the harvests of Italy generally are imperilled by the calling out of scores of thousands of youths of the 1891 categories two months earlier than usual. One of the most damning indictments of recent Italian policy is the fact that, while elementary education has been so starved that of the eight millions of citizens qualified to vote for members of Parliament by the new Reform Bill, no less than 5,000 are illiterates. One million lire a day are being squandered in the sands of North Africa, where even the patches of oases, depopulated by the war, are slowly and irrevocably being devoured by the encroaching desert. It is too soon for Signor Giolitti to sing *To triumph!*—Yours, &c.,

T. OKEY.

National Liberal Club, June 4th, 1912.

### THE SECOND CENTENARY OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As the only English member of the Paris "Comité d'Honneur" interested in the organisation of the celebration of the second centenary of John Jacques Rousseau's birth, I have the honor to ask you to assist me in making

known to English readers the invitation extended to them to associate themselves with the large gathering of distinguished French men of letters, artists, learned professors, and eminent statesmen, in the effort to honor the memory of the great writer who, as the French author of the circular issued by the Committee says, "has, perhaps, more than anyone else, moved by his genius the conscience of the modern world." You will see from the circular issued by the committee, which I enclose, that the President of the French Republic will be present at the Panthéon on June 28th for the ceremony of the inauguration of the tomb for Rousseau's ashes, voted by the French Chamber last year, and executed by the master-sculptor, M. Bartholomé, whose impressive and beautiful monument to the dead at *Perè la Chaise* your readers will certainly remember. After the ceremony at the Panthéon, there will be a literary commemoration in the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne. The City of Paris will organise a popular Festival, and there is to be a Gala Performance at the Trocadero. English adherents should address themselves at once to M. Le Président du Comité J. J. Rousseau,\* au Panthéon à Paris; the minimum subscription of five francs (there is no objection to twenty-five nor even to a hundred times as much) should accompany the application. It entitles the adherent to receive, at his own address, the "*Bulletin Officiel des Fêtes*" and cards of admission, either free, or at special rates, for the different Paris celebrations; and it also entitles each associate to receive gratuitously a commemorative volume of extracts from Rousseau's writings, especially prepared for this anniversary. But—if I may be allowed to say it—I would suggest that the great advantage and privilege that this adhesion will procure thoughtful, generous, and poetic people in this country, will be the honor of co-operating with so many French sympathisers in their beautiful desire to repair an old historical injustice towards "one of the Spiritual Fathers who begot us," to quote an expression used by Lord Morley. Uniting in this way to wish Jean Jacques "many happy returns of the day," upon his two hundredth birthday, are we not testifying to the undiminished sentiment of mingled compassion and veneration we owe the persecuted prophet of humanity and justice; the philosopher who "was the first in modern times to state the problem of civilisation," the lover and interpreter of nature, since whom (it is his enemy, M. Jules Lemaitre, who admits it), "men are more touched by the life of woods, streams, and mountains, more in love with the earth than they had been for thousands of years before him"? Are we not finding again, in this, "The Immortal Friend," as George Sand called him, "not only the social reformer, but also the prophet of seasonable solitude, and of the inner life; the constant witness to the necessity for each one, who would keep himself true and free, cleansed from vulgarity, to leave sociability, from time to time, and the cares of the outer life behind him; and to enter into his own soul, to find there the unspoiled image of Divine Beauty, that the world makes him, and that his passions often, soil, but that they can never entirely efface"?—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIKA MACDONALD.

(Docteur ès Lettres Honoris Causa de Genève)  
Membre du "Comité d'Honneur pour la célébration de 2<sup>e</sup> centenaire à Paris."

Au Siège du Comité J. J. R., Panthéon, Paris.  
June 3rd, 1912.

[We may add that no one is more entitled to make this appeal than Mrs. Macdonald, who has done so much to relieve Rousseau's memory of many odious stains.—ED., *NATION*.]

### THE CASE OF MALATESTA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have known Malatesta quite intimately for the last thirty-six years, and I am proud to consider myself as one of his best friends. It was in the early seventies that he—

\* M. Paul Painlevé, Professeur à la Sorbonne, Député du 5. Arron. de Paris.

then a young medical student—joined the Italian Federation of the International Working Men's Association, together with two well-known men, Cafiero and Costa. But while Costa went over, later on, to the Parliamentary wing of the Italian Socialists, and died a Vice-President of the Italian Chamber, Malatesta preferred a more modest career, and, in company with some of the most devoted men of the European Labor movement, refused to pin his faith to "the conquest of political power." He remained in the ranks of Labor, and led a life according to his principles.

He gave to the cause all his fortune—not inconsiderable for Italy—and up till now (he will be sixty in December next, if the prison régime does not kill him), he has lived a most democratic life among working men. Wherever there was danger and he felt himself capable to help people, he always was foremost. When the cholera broke out at Naples, he at once joined the staff of doctors in the poorest quarters of his native city, and there he gained general love, just as he has gained it in the poor Islington neighborhood where he has resided for the last sixteen years.

Having no faith in State Socialism, Malatesta has remained true to the ideas of the Federalist wing of the Labor movement, and he is a convinced Anarchist. He believes, as Proudhon did, in the direct organisation of the economic relations between producers and consumers by the producers and consumers themselves, without seeing the need of any authority—free agreement between independent groups of producers and territorial communes taking the place of the present Government and State.

Anyone who will take the trouble of reading Malatesta's writings, such as, for instance, his pamphlet, "Anarchy" (London, 1900), will see that his efforts are directed towards introducing into the present revolt of Labor a constructive aim. To use his own words, his ideal of Anarchy is human solidarity, freed from the fetters of monopolies supported by Government. "This society of free men, this society of friends, would be Anarchy," he says in the just-mentioned pamphlet, and when he speaks of the abolition of the State, he is careful to remind the reader that he means

"the abolition of the monopoly of force and influence. It means to abolish that state of things by which social force—i.e., the collective force of all society—is made the instrument of the thought, will, and interests of a small number of individuals."

It means equal opportunity for all.

To the awakening of the *constructive forces* which will lead to this ideal he gave most of his life for the last twenty years.

However, anyone who knows the present Labor movement from the inside will also understand that the conditions under which millions of workers live and die at the present time are such as necessarily to produce men who arrive at extreme conclusions in their criticism of present society, and enter in open rebellion against Society altogether and its property-sanctifying ethics. There are men in the Labor revolt who repeat in a cruder form the conclusions about the right of the individual to revolt against society, which poets of the upper classes, like Shelley and Byron, and thinkers like Stirner and Nietzsche, have told in a refined literary language.

Now, it is a fact, well-known among anarchists and socialists, that Malatesta persistently directed his efforts towards showing to such rebels that society could never be reorganised in the interests of justice and equity if the negative principles they profess took the upper hand. A triumph of such principles would simply mean a return to those same principles of unbridled individualism to which we all agree in attributing the evils of the present social organisation. His efforts, in common with those of his nearest friends and associates, were consequently directed towards opposing the so called "individualist" currents in the anarchist propaganda.

But being one of the kindest-hearted men I knew in my life, and always living in close contact with the misery and injustice he saw around him, he always was ready to share his tiny workshop, his more than modest room, and the piece of bread he had on his table with every man in whom he saw a victim of political persecution, without inquiring what were his exact opinions upon this or that subject.

Malatesta's opinions on this matter are quite definitely

stated in an article he contributed to the Paris anarchist paper, "Les Temps Nouveaux," conducted by Jean Grave, and in which we have had the great geographer, Elisée Reclus, for a constant contributor. In this paper (sixteenth year, No. 23, February 18th, 1911) Malatesta repeated, in connection with the Houndsditch tragedy, the opinions he had often expressed before—namely, that an anarchist cannot be in sympathy with those who, amidst the present confusion of ethical conceptions, resort to theft and robbery, maintaining that by these means they are destroying the respect of property.

"Anarchist ideas," he wrote in this article, "cannot bring men to become thieves, as they cannot bring them to become capitalists. On the contrary, by giving to the discontents an ideal of a superior life, and a hope of collective emancipation, the Anarchist principles turn them away, as far as it is possible in the present surroundings, from all those legal and illegal proceedings (of appropriation) which are a mere adaptation to the capitalist system, and tend to perpetuate it."

One can easily understand, therefore, how unexpected it was for all those who knew Malatesta to learn that he should have been condemned for a libel, and that an English judge could have recommended him to deportation as "an undesirable alien."

I need not speak of the latter point as it has been treated already in full by the Press, especially in THE NATION (May 25th) and the "Manchester Guardian" (also May 25th). But a few words about the libel verdict, from the point of view of one who has some experience in the matters that led Malatesta to issue the condemned leaflet, may be of some value.

I am not a lawyer, and I do not know whether the leaflet issued under the following title: "Enrico Malatesta to the Italian Colony in London (about a personal fact)" has to be considered as a libel from the point of view of the British law; but I maintain that if that leaflet had been submitted to a jury of men having some experience of the personal differences arising upon points of honor in political life, they would have found that this leaflet has *not* the character of a libel; that it is a *challenge*, of which we have more than one precedent in modern history.

It is most regrettable that, while the statements of a secret police agent, made in Court after the jury had pronounced their verdict, were reproduced in full in the papers, none of them have given, either in full or in abstract, the leaflet for which Malatesta was prosecuted by another Italian, Bellelli. So that the true nature of the leaflet for which Malatesta was sent for three months to hard labor remains unknown to the public.

Bellelli, who formerly professed to be a devoted friend of Malatesta, quarrelled lately with him on account of their views upon the Turco-Italian war, which Malatesta, of course, condemned. Thereupon Bellelli accused Malatesta—and also poor W. T. Stead—of being paid agents of the Turkish Government. The accusation was grotesque, and Malatesta had the right to ignore it. But when, some time later, rumors reached Malatesta that Bellelli was an Italian spy, he addressed to him a *challenge*. "Let Bellelli," he wrote, "convoke a meeting, and at this meeting let both him and Malatesta tell before the meeting what are their means of existence—wherefrom they get all that they spend."

Such a challenge has a widely-known precedent in history. In 1849, Proudhon, the well-known Socialist, then a deputy, addressed a similar challenge, in nearly the same words, from the tribune of the National Assembly, to Thiers, later on President of the Third Republic. The episode has become famous; it is related in all the histories of 1848 and in all biographies of Proudhon, and no historian has, of course, accused Proudhon of having libelled Thiers.

Were the jurymen aware of that fact? Was the true meaning of Malatesta's leaflet explained to them? And what would have been their verdict if it were? Unfortunately, here we are in the domain of conjectures. But what is not a conjecture, is this:

The system of *agents-provocateurs*—that is, of secret agents of the police who are inciting young men to attacks on private property and to murders—has lately taken an immense development. These agents are rapidly acquiring the boldness they had thirty years ago, when they kidnapped a monarch, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and



carried him into the domains of the Tsar. Once more the boldness re-appears. Are we going, then, to be quite disarmed against them? This is not an idle question; because, if a challenge, an appeal to the judgment of comrades, is considered as a libel, and has to be paid by hard labor, then every appeal to a jury of honor is rendered impossible. The fact that Malatesta has printed his leaflet changes nothing in the matter. Any appeal of the same sort, distributed as a letter, would have been in the same position as Malatesta's printed leaflet.

My forty years' experience of political life has taught me that the only proper and honest way to settle questions of that sort arising among political men—the only way for preventing such conflicts from degenerating into violence, and for giving a suspected person full means of justification, is to bring the matter before a jury of honor. But, previously to the coming together of a jury of honor, a certain publicity necessarily has to be given to the accusation; circulars or letters have to be exchanged. More than that, it often happens that a certain publicity given to the accusation is the only means to compel a suspected person and his defenders to accept a jury of honor. I say that from personal experience. Thus, quite lately the *agent-provocateur* of the Russian Secret Police, the man Azeff, never would have been exposed, and his sending of batches of men and women to the scaffold would never have been stopped, if Bourtsieff had not given publicity to his accusation of that man; whereupon a jury of honor, to which I had the honor to belong, was asked to consider the conflict that had arisen between the accuser of Azeff and his defenders.

Would it have been better, if the matter had degenerated into violence, as it surely would have degenerated if Bourtsieff had not issued his challenge to the defenders of Azeff, and allowed them to appear before a jury of honor?

This simple question shows how regrettable it is that the matter brought before an English jury in Malatesta's case was not considered under its political aspect, but was put to the jury just as if it were a simple matter of damaging a tradesman's interests.—Yours, &c.,

P. KROPOTKIN.

Brighton, May 31st, 1912.

### THE CRIME OF BEING INEFFICIENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. McKenna's Bill is a fair sample of what is called the non-controversial measure. It embodies proposals that have never been put before the electors nor discussed by the friends of those who will be affected by it. It is blessed by those who call each other the authorities on the subject, and it is assumed that they know what is good for us better than we do ourselves. But the people who write about social subjects are not always those who have the closest practical acquaintance with the lives of others outside their own class; and a study of men and women in institutions gives different results from observation of the same persons outside. Some men have greater opportunities than others for gaining information, but nobody has any right to be regarded as an authority in matters of opinion. If his proposals are wise, it is not because he propounds them. If his judgments are sound, it is because of their inherent value, and not because his name is attached to them.

It is one thing to admit that some folks are so feeble-minded that they are unable to take care of themselves, and quite another to believe that they should be placed under the dominion of the specialist. As long as Eugenics was played as the parlor game it is, there was little need to bother about it. Even those who allowed that it might be advisable systematically to supervise the production of posterity were not all willing to place the matter in the charge of those they saw preaching the doctrine. In the present state of their knowledge, it is safer to trust them with the raising of turnips than with the breeding of men. Social conditions known to us are responsible for much mental and physical weakness, and the "laws of heredity" are not yet known nearly as well. People who are mentally unfit to take care of themselves, are unfit to look after children, and that is a good enough reason for objecting to their having any, though it is not the Eugenic one.

The Royal Commission collected the opinions of experts, and Mr. Richardson calls attention to the fact that evidence given before it showed that twenty to forty per cent. of juvenile prisoners were feeble-minded. My experience does not agree with this, and I have the best of reasons for distrusting such figures. I have known prisoners to be called feeble-minded though I knew them to be shrewd and capable. They had decided not to be "pumped" by the expert. I have known others, whose conduct over a long period proved their insanity, passed as sane because they were able to answer the questions put to them by their examiners. Mr. Mudie-Smith cites the case of a lunatic who was twenty-six times certified insane between 1872 and 1911. She must have been liberated at least twenty-five times. Why she was certified is not stated, nor why she was liberated. He mentions the case as one showing the need for further legislation; but the failure of the authorities to deal properly with a lunatic is no argument for giving them powers over those who are not lunatics—and the reason assigned for the new legislation is that the persons to be dealt with are not at present certifiable. Granting there was something wrong with the woman, was there nothing the matter with the officials who tossed her in and out of the lunatic asylum twenty-six times. Feeble-mindedness is not confined to unofficial persons, but I don't suppose that Mr. Mudie-Smith means to suggest that Mr. McKenna's Bill should be supported in order that the asylum authorities might be dealt with under it.

The care of the feeble-minded is not merely a medical question. It is a social question. The opinion of the doctor should be considered, but it should not necessarily be the ruling opinion. A training in medicine does not imply exceptional common-sense or political wisdom in the person who has undergone it.

If the numerous authorities co-operated with one another and regarded public utility rather than departmental economy as an end, many of the show cases that shock the public would be dealt with reasonably. In my opinion, which pretends to no authority, but is merely the outcome of some twenty years' observation and work among the class who will be most affected by the Bill, we have greater need of more reasonable administration of existing laws, at present, than of new legislation of the kind proposed.—Yours, &c.,

JAS. DEVON.

6, Cathedral Square, Glasgow.  
June 4th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I take advantage of the hospitality of your columns to give expression to a few thoughts which have occurred to me after perusing the above Bill and the very interesting articles and letters which have appeared in your columns with regard to it?

1. The clauses in the Bill to which you have, in my judgment, rightly taken exception, are not vital parts of its structure, and are quite capable of being omitted or amended.

2. The definition of a mentally defective person may be wide; but there is no novelty about it. It is identical with that propounded by the Royal Commission on the Feeble-minded which reported in 1908, after an exhaustive inquiry which occupied practically four years.

3. No power is given by the Bill over the liberty of mentally defective persons as such. Their names may be put into a register by the local authority, but they can only be detained or placed under guardianship if they come under certain specified categories.

4. These categories are as follows:—

- (a) Defectives found wandering about, neglected, or cruelly treated;
- (b) Defectives charged with offences, detained in prisons, places of detention, juvenile reformatories, industrial schools or inebriate reformatories;
- (c) Defectives who are habitual drunkards within the very strict definitions in the Inebriates' Acts;
- (d) Defective children who have been in schools for defective and epileptic children;
- (e) Defectives who should, in the interests of the community, be deprived of the opportunity of procreating children;

(f) Defectives included in a class to be specified by a Secretary of State.

5. With regard to the last two of these categories, I agree that the provisions of the Bill require further safeguards. Probably (f) is so wide and dangerous a provision that it should be omitted altogether. With regard to (e), though it can scarcely be defended as it stands, it ought to be capable of amendment, so as to deal with such cases as those of mothers of three or four illegitimate children, who are the prey of scoundrels and a heavy burden upon the Poor Rate.

6. It is, I think, a mistake to regard the Bill as a Eugenist measure. It falls far behind the demands of the Eugenists, many of which, I agree, are not justified in the present state of our knowledge.

7. It is also, I think, a mistake to regard the Bill as inimical to social reform, or likely to damage those who are seeking to improve the wages, the health, or the environment of the poor. On the contrary, it is welcomed by many who are prepared to advocate very drastic legislation in these directions.

8. The reason for this is not far to seek. Those who are striving to improve the environment of the poor, and seeking for the enactment of such measures as minimum Wage Bills, and schemes for dealing with unemployment, are now met with strenuous opposition from well-meaning persons who lay stress on failure of character as a cause of poverty and unemployment. When instances of failure of character come to be investigated, they prove, in a large number of cases, to be due to mental or moral defects. It is very important that far-reaching social experiments should not be discredited by those who are perpetually pointing to the incapable and work-shy as arguments against any attempt to win better conditions of life and labor for the unskilled workmen of the country.

In my opinion, the Bill, if amended so as to give adequate safeguards against administrative tyranny and unverified Eugenist hypotheses, will remove some of the most dangerous obstacles to a radical policy of social reform.—Yours, &c.,

E. RICHARD CROSS.

Scarborough, June 5th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson has consulted the authorities on the question of heredity, and finds them all unanimous as to its importance in the feeble-minded.

This unanimity among certain highest authorities is one of the most curious features of the whole business. Mr. Bateson, the leader of the biological school, for instance, refers to the work of Prof. Pearson, the leader of a rival school, as resulting "only in the concealment of that order which it was ostensibly undertaken to reveal." Prof. Pearson retaliates in kind. Dr. Archdall Reid, the well-known writer on biology, regards Prof. Pearson's methods as "quite nonsensical," and Mr. Bateson's as a mere guess. But though each of these authorities denounces the methods of the others as ridiculous, they all three agree that feeble-mindedness is inherited, and that poor people with this defect should be bottled up.

Quite obviously, the conclusions are arrived at before the facts are considered at all. Sir E. Ray Lankester is another biological authority, who, pinning his faith to natural selection, regards feeble-mindedness as hereditary. Of natural selection itself, a brilliant German biologist, Hans Driesch (perhaps known to your readers by his Gifford lectures), has said: "Biology will make no advance until it has recovered from that English vision (natural selection)." The opinions of Driesch are shared by Delage, Herbst, Pauly, T. H. Morgan, Wilson, Loeb, Francé, Wolff, Semen, among others; it would take up too much of your space to quote them.

The report of the Royal Commission on the Feeble-Minded admitted that "the evidence, however, reveals a marked difference of opinion in regard to the relative importance to be ascribed to heredity, as against what may be termed the influence of environment." Dr. Mercier, for instance, regarded the factor of heredity as quite unproved. As to the born criminal, who also appears in the Bill, it was to be hoped that Prof. Munsterberg, of Harvard, had finally slain that bogey.

It is true, I grant, that the popular view at the moment among the experts is that all forms of nervous disease are due to heredity. The experts took that view over from Zola, who derived it from Charcot.

To-day the experts would send a poor man to prison for a lifetime because they don't like his family, just as, when Gall was the fashion, they would have done so (had they had the power) because they didn't like his bumps, or, when Lombroso was the fashion, because they didn't like the shape of his face.

The fact is, heredity here is but a cloak to cover ignorance and laziness. The English psychiatric school is the most backward in civilisation, hence the positive nature of its assertions. Once you let heredity account for all nervous disease, no further investigation is required. The English will not even take the trouble to study methods now making their way on the Continent and in America. If profound psychological study of the neurotic were the rule here, we should hear less about heredity and about segregation and sterilisation. Prof. Freud, the most original of modern investigators, writes: "I think but slightly of the objection raised that the neurotics (feeble-minded) form a special race of mankind, distinguished by a predisposition to degeneracy. They are people like ourselves, not sharply differentiated from the normal, not easily to be separated in childhood from those who remain normal."

But were the experts as unanimous as they are divided, common-sense should still have the final settlement as to whom we shall put away; it should still be for the people to decide whether State breeding experiments are to be permitted. As it is, the experiment is to be conducted at the instigation of a society largely composed of cranks. At least it can be said for the late Sir Francis Galton that he wrote nothing in favor of compulsory Eugenics. I am not acquainted with a line of his showing that he expected the State to segregate certain classes of the community.

That the Bill is meant to apply only to the poor, is clear from the definition and from the Report. It was one of the experts (Dr. Tredgold) who thought it quite possible to say, even at the age of seven, with a certain degree of probability, whether a child would be able to earn his living. If the middle-class children of seven were put to the test, they would all go to the asylum; but, of course, the test was only meant to be applicable to the children of the poor.

Mr. Dickinson doubts whether the latitude in the Bill is likely to be abused, and Mr. Cawley also betrays a touching faith in the police and magistracy. I do not know whether Mr. Cawley was a Member of Parliament in 1908, when the Children's Act was passed. Under that Act, failure to provide adequate medical aid for a child became a punishable offence. Poor parents have been prosecuted under the Act because they did not wish a child operated on for adenoids, or cleft palate, or because they could not afford spectacles. Can anyone cite the case of a well-to-do person having been prosecuted for objecting to an operation upon his child? Why, every doctor must have met rich people who refuse an advised operation.

To Mr. Mudie-Smith it may be sufficient answer to say that the female patient would still be allowed to go in and out of the asylum. The Report on the Feeble-minded considered "it would be unwise to modify or supplement the existing law with respect to the marriage of persons of unsound mind."—Yours &c.,

M. D. EDER.

June 3rd, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Whether you, in your original article, or I, in my criticism of it, were accurate and ingenuous is of itself a question mainly interesting to ourselves. I am content to leave it to the judgment of those who have read what we have written and the Bill. But these are the few, and what is of importance is that the many should know exactly what the Bill proposes. For that reason, I wish to place beyond doubt the main point which I previously tried to make clear and which, I think, your rejoinder once more obscured. That point is that this Bill proposes that public authorities should take care, not of all defectives, but only of such as fulfil certain other conditions.

To make that clear, I propose to summarise section 17 (1) as shortly as possible consistently with accuracy.

"17. (1) Save, as expressly provided by this Act, the following persons, and no others, shall be subject to be dealt with under this Act, that is to say, persons who are defective and—

"(a) Who are found wandering about, neglected or cruelly treated.

"(b) Who are in custody on a criminal charge.

"(c) Who are habitual drunkards within the meaning of the Inebriates Acts 1879 to 1900.

"(d) Who are children discharged at sixteen from a special school about whom the Local Education Authority have given notice that it is for their benefit to be detained.

"(e) In whose case it is desirable, in the interests of the community, that they should be deprived of the opportunity of procreating children.

"(f) In whose case circumstances exist which the Home Secretary, by order, specifies."

That is to say, that it is only those who are both defective and also come within one of these six categories who can be detained. It is possible that a layman may think that the inclusion of (e) makes it possible to say that all defectives may be included in that category. But I think any lawyer will agree that that sub-head can only be construed as including those who, for some reason *other than mere deficiency*, should be deprived of the opportunity of procreating children. The kind of case I imagine that it covers is that of a defective suffering from a disease transmissible to his or her offspring. This, then, is evidently the scheme of the Bill; to say that certain classes of defectives must be detained—first, in their own interest, and, secondly, in the interests of the community. It may be said that the classes are too extensive and their boundaries too loosely drawn. I am inclined to share that view. But that is a reason for restricting the classes and tightening up the definitions. It is no reason for leaving these unhappy people drifting in and out of prisons, inebriate homes, workhouses, and asylums; continually suffering and continually propagating an ever-increasing number of descendants with their own liability to cause and endure unlimited misery and wrong.—Yours, &c.,

H. T. CAWLEY.

[It would have been better if Mr. Cawley, in the interests of ingenuousness and accuracy, had quoted the sections in question, instead of putting his own gloss upon them. We retain our opinion that the categories (d), (e), and (f) add no definition of defectiveness, but simply formulate methods of depriving "defectives" of their liberty.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All lovers of the human race will thank you for your courageous stand on behalf of the almost-forgotten principle of human liberty. And I would urge those who have missed it to procure THE NATION for May 25th.

After all, who are the inefficient? Are they not those whom the state of things as at present established happens to suit? A revolution, a new order, and the Rockefellers and Harmsworths might be the inefficient, and the Chattertons and William Blakes and Francis Thompsons the successful men.

I would suggest that the short title of this Bill should be, "A Bill to Abolish Genius."

Verily, had such a law been in force at the beginning of the nineteenth century, his father would have found a short way to deal with "mad" Shelley; and "Adonais" and "The Cenci" and the "Skylark" and the "Ode to the West Wind" need never have been written to trouble the enemies of mankind.—Yours, &c.,

OLIVER W. F. LODGE (junr.).

Mariemont, Edgbaston.

June 3rd, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article under the above heading in your issue of last week occurs the following passage: "All the experience which medical observation has lately accumulated goes to show that the difference at birth between one baby and another may largely be remedied by care. Measure the growth of children at an elementary school, and their height, their chest measurement, and their freedom from physical defects are found to correspond with almost mathematical accuracy to such a test of their conditions as is furnished, for example, by the number of

rooms which they inhabit. Watch the diet of the nursing infant, attend to the feeding of the child at school, check defects in vigilantly conducted 'clinics,' send obstinate cases to open-air schools, and the influences which a superficial diagnosis would attribute to bad heredity can usually be overcome."

I was much interested in your article, and the above passage especially attracted my attention. From this passage anyone who was not acquainted with the literature dealing with the very difficult problem of the relative importance of inheritance on the one hand and environment on the other would suppose that this problem had been settled after careful scientific research, and that it had been shown that environment is of far more importance than heredity. Is this what the writer of the article meant to imply? If so, to what investigations is he referring? I have some acquaintance with the technical literature of this problem, and the only evidence brought forward in favor of the view adopted by the writer of the article has, as far as my knowledge goes, been shown to have been founded either upon inadequate data or upon an incorrect interpretation of the data used. On the other hand, I am acquainted with investigations the result of which is to tend to show that the opposite of the above is true, namely, that heredity is of more importance than the environment.

The passage quoted, however, is so definite and precise that the writer of the article must have had some serious investigation of the problem in mind which satisfied him that the controversy had been settled. Now, what is his evidence? The point is most important, since the treatment of the mentally deficient must largely depend upon the solution of the problem by those who are capable of investigating it. If it is true that the problem has been solved in the manner in which the article states, then the conclusions which the writer of the article draws may be defensible. But is it true?—Yours, &c.,

A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS.

June 4th, 1912.

[We dealt with Mr. Carr-Saunders's point in our rejoinder to Mr. Lowes Dickinson.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The full infamy of what is known as the "Feeble-minded" Bill, so scathingly denounced in THE NATION, does not seem, as yet, to be fully realised. It is nothing less than a revival, in an extended and intensified form, of the Bastille-system of the *ancien régime* of France, with its *lettres de cachet*.

There is, however, this difference. In pre-revolutionary France, there was only one Bastille, and in order to confine anyone there, it was necessary to get an order direct from the Minister, or some influential Court functionary. Under Mr. McKenna's Bill, Bastilles are to be established in every county and district, while *lettres de cachet* are to be obtainable from any two medical practitioners, to be formally confirmed by any person holding the position of justice or magistrate.

Is it conceivable that this monstrous abortion of legislative lunacy, inspired by the crude theories of Eugenist cranks, should not be summarily dismissed with contempt by any sane body of men in any part of the world!—Yours, &c.,

E. BELFORT BAX.

June 6th, 1912.

[We are obliged to reserve several letters on this subject till next week.—ED., NATION.]

FORCE AND JUSTICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You really cannot expect me to be satisfied when you answer my question by the simple device of asking me another. I did not intend to enter on a general discussion of international law and its sanctions, nor did I refer to any special case or country. All that I wanted from you was a statement of the views on which you base your criticisms of international relations, and I will try to make this clear, though I cannot think that I failed to do so before.

You will agree that we do not live in Utopia, where



the recognition of a moral claim follows at once on its statement. And you will further agree that if criticism is to be worth anything, it must proceed from principles which can be acted on here and now in an imperfect world—otherwise criticism is *doctrinaire*, and of no value in relation to present politics, however interesting it may be academically. I asked you how you would proceed, if, being responsible for foreign affairs, and having moderate armaments at your command, you made a just claim on a foreign power, and failed to secure its recognition. You do not answer that question, but fob me off by asking whether I have heard of international law. Of course I have, and also of its weakness, through lack of effective sanctions. Am I to take it that you would content yourself by writing essays on moral philosophy, and turning them into despatches, or by bewailing the lack of an international court in which to bring an action? Or would you, knowing that you must one day make reckoning with your countrymen, call for armaments of "supreme and unchallengeable strength"?

Your comment on my letter left off just where there was a prospect of its becoming interesting. May I invite you to go a little further, and tell us whether you really mean that you would go to war in a just cause, and spend your last penny on it, or whether you mean that you would abandon your claim when its mere statement did not effect its recognition? You know the reputation of those who bark but cannot or will not bite. If you do mean to bite, then it is your duty to keep your teeth in order.—Yours, &c.,

SOPHRON.

June 1st, 1912.

[There were two questions involved in the issue raised by Mr. Styring and "Sophron." The first was the special case of Miss Malecka. Into that the strength of our armaments does not enter. If we could settle such a grievance as that of the firing on our fishing boats by the Russian fleet without war and with arbitration, *a fortiori* is the resort to force ridiculous in the case of Miss Malecka. Russia is a friendly nation, and is under great obligations to this country and this Government. She has had the help of the second, and she wants the credit of the first. Clearly, if the resources of peaceful diplomacy fail us in such an instance, Russia is a Power with which no relations of a civilised character can be held. But, even then, war is not to be thought of. Practically, Russia cannot be coerced, and we, in particular, have no power of coercing her. Nature forbids it. Does it therefore follow that justice cannot be obtained from her?

We make the same general answer to "Sophron's" general proposition. A "just" claim may indeed be resisted by an unjust Government, in which case the essential evil is suffered by the doer of injustice, not by its victim. The question is whether that evil can be cured by war—whether, for example, in the Malecka case, a wrong done to an individual should be set right by involving millions of innocent people in worse suffering than hers. We say no. Civilisation has its weapons. First, there is diplomacy, and, secondly, there is arbitration. If these failed, and the alleged wrong continued, the inference would be that our claim was not just. But if we retained our opinion of its justice, we could, (a) solemnly invoke the judgment of the civilised world; (b) withdraw our ambassador, and decline all formal intercourse with the offending Government; and (c) apply the requisite pressure, financial, commercial, and moral, which such a withdrawal would involve. War would not right the public wrong, any more than the duel righted the private wrong. It would simply create a new and more terrible series of wrongs. If, indeed, force is the only weapon for securing international justice, how is it that the smaller States, with insignificant armaments, live without continually suffering from injustice? The fact that they do so live, and thrive, is the best answer to the shallow materialism which walks under such pseudonyms as "Sophron."—ED., NATION.]

#### THE CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT (WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC) BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I beg to inform you that I have taken steps towards calling a meeting, for men only, at the Guildhall on Monday, June 10th, at 5.30 p.m. The Lord Mayor has most kindly consented to take the chair. The object will be

to appoint a deputation to wait upon the Prime Minister to beg the Government to leave no stone unturned for the speedy passage of the Criminal Law Amendment (White Slave Traffic) Bill. The difficulty that has arisen within the House seems to be quite unintelligible to the outside world. From all I hear, and in spite of Mr. Arthur Lee's indefatigable attempts to influence the blockers of the Bill, there is great danger that it will be shelved. To thousands of right-minded men such a possibility appears very terrible. The passage of this Bill into law will, perhaps, not make history; yet it is infinitely more important than either Home Rule or Welsh Disestablishment to the welfare of our civilisation. The conveners of the meeting feel that an expression of opinion at the Guildhall—more particularly because it is instigated neither by Parliamentary effort nor by any of the societies which are working for the passage of the Bill—will have weight with the Government. I shall, therefore, be greatly obliged if you will draw the attention of your readers to the matter. I may add also that I shall be very grateful if anyone interested will send the names and addresses of men likely to support this meeting to the Organising Secretary, Mr. Edward Foord, 85, Harley Street, W.—Yours, &c.,

GREVILLE MACDONALD.

85, Harley Street, W.

### Poetry.

#### UXBRIDGE ROAD.

THE western road goes streaming out to seek the cleanly wild,

It pours the city's dim desires toward the undefiled,  
It sweeps betwixt the huddled homes about its eddies grown

To smear the little space between the city and the sown;  
The torments of its seething tide who is there that can see?

There's one who walked with starry feet the western road by me.

He is the Drover of the soul; he leads the flock of men  
All wistful on that weary track, and brings them back again.

The dreaming few, the slaving crew, the motley caste of life,

The wastrel and artificer, the harlot and the wife—  
They may not rest, forever pressed by one they cannot see,

The one who walked with starry feet the western road by me.

He drives them east, he drives them west, between the dark and light;

He pastures them in City pens, he leads them home at night.

The towery trams, the threaded trains, like shuttles to and fro,

To weave the web of working days in ceaseless travel go.  
How harsh the woof, how long the weft! who shall the fabric see?

The one who walked with starry feet the western road by me!

Throughout the living, joyful year at lifeless tasks to strive,

And scarcely at the end to save gentility alive—

The villa plot to sow and reap, to act the villa lie,

Beset by villa fears to live, 'midst villa dreams to die;

Ah, who can know the dreary woe? and who the splendor see?

The one who walked with starry feet the western road by me.

Behold! he lent me as we went the vision of the seer,  
Behold! I saw the life of men, the life of God shine clear.

I saw the hidden Spirit's thrust; I saw the race fulfil

The spiral of its steep ascent, predestined of the Will:

Yet not unled, but shepherded by one they may not see—

The one who walked with starry feet the western road by me.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of Edward Montagu, First Earl of Sandwich (1625-1672)." By F. R. Harria. (Murray. 2 vols. 24s. net.)
- "Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911: Its History, Operation, Results." By William Harbutt Dawson. (Unwin. 6s. net.)
- "Recollections of a Great Lady: Being more Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne." Edited by M. Charles Nicoulaud. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)
- "Pygmies and Papuans: The Stone Age To-day in Dutch New Guinea." By A. R. Wollaston. (Smith, Elder. 15s. net.)
- "Behind the Night-Light: The By-World of a Child of Three." Described by John Maude and faithfully recorded by Nancy Price. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Italy's War for a Desert." By Francis McCullagh. (Herbert & Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Four Men: A Farrago." By H. Belloc. (Nelson. 2s. net.)
- "Tramps through Tyrol." By F. W. Stoddard. (Mills & Boon. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus." By Arthur Drews. Translated by Joseph McCabe. (Watts. 6s. net.)
- "Elsie Lindtner." By Karin Michaelis. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "La Revolution Française et la Psychologie des Révolutions." Par Gustave Le Bon. (Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Les Amies de Rousseau." Par Emile Faguet. (Paris: Société d'Imprimerie. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Histoire de la Littérature Française Classique." Tome II. "Le Dix-Septième Siècle." Par Ferdinand Brunetière. (Paris: Delagrave. 10 fr.)
- "Zur Psychologie der Französischen Diplomatie." Von C. F. Boden. (Braunschweig: Dessen. 2 m.)
- "Frau Berta Garlan." Roman. Von Arthur Schnitzler. (Berlin: Fischer. 2 m.)

THE subject of Mr. Shaw's coming play will be the fable of Androcles and the Lion.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN is revising a new edition of his famous book, perhaps the most powerful indictment of the English land question ever written, "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," which will appear, with many additions, next July.

THERE is a rumor that Mr. William Randolph Hearst contemplates extending his journalistic activities to this side of the Atlantic, and that he will either establish or purchase several newspapers. It is even said that he is at present in negotiation for an old-established London journal.

WE understand that the series of striking articles on "Labor and the Middle Classes" in the "Westminster Gazette" have been written by Mr. Arthur Acland. Mr. Acland represented Rotherham in the House of Commons for fourteen years, and is the author of a "Handbook of the Political History of England" and of "Working Men Co-operators." His best title to fame as a statesman is, of course, his association with the Cabinets of 1892 and 1894.

A NEW biography of William Morris by Mr. Arthur Compton Rickett is announced by Messrs. Dent. It will contain a good deal of unpublished matter, and promises to throw fresh light upon Morris, both as a man and as a poet. We also see that Messrs. Longmans announce a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Mackail's authorised biography, which first appeared in 1899. Since then we have had Mr. Noyes's volume in the "English Men of Letters" series, which proved a disappointment to Morris's admirers, and a few monographs, including one by Lady Warwick published recently by Messrs. Jack.

NEXT week Messrs. Methuen will publish a book of special interest to politicians. It is entitled "Liberalism and the House of Lords: The Story of the Veto Struggle, 1832-1911." In this work the author, Mr. Harry Jones, has set out to show that the passage of the Parliament Bill last year was the natural and inevitable culmination of a movement that had gone on with little intermission from the Reform Act of 1832. Gladstone's historic encounters

with the Lords are described, and a chapter is devoted to Mr. Chamberlain's impassioned attack on the hereditary chamber. From the year 1906 the book is a sort of history of our own time. It contains pen-portraits of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Morley, and Lord Halsbury.

WITH the publication this week by Messrs. Allen of the two final volumes of the "Library Edition" of Ruskin's works, Mr. E. T. Cook and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn conclude their long and arduous task, over nine years having elapsed since the first of the thirty-nine volumes was issued. Rarely, indeed, in the history of literature has an author received such skilled, sympathetic, and devoted service as has Ruskin from his joint editors, or has had his writings enshrined in more beautiful form. Editors, publisher, and printers are to be warmly congratulated on the successful completion of their combined labors. Mr. Cook and Mr. Wedderburn modestly speak of the hope which they "are perhaps vain in cherishing, but which they have spared no pains to justify, that the 'Library Edition' of Ruskin may become a work of permanent reference." They need have no fear; the concluding volumes, consisting of the Bibliography and Index, bring home in the most vivid manner, not only the immense toil involved in this edition, but also the extent to which Ruskin is already woven into the texture of the world's life and thought.

VOLUME thirty-eight contains, in addition to the Bibliography, a catalogue of Ruskin's drawings, and thirty-four pages of *addenda* and *corrigenda*. Of the Bibliography, eighty-seven pages are devoted to Ruskiniana, and, though "it can hardly be expected that no Ruskiniana can have been overlooked," no one will be inclined to deny "that enough items remain to satisfy the most exacting student." These pages are full of interesting odds and ends; such, for example, as the record under "Pall Mall Gazette," October 17th and November 4th, 1890, that "Beecham's Pills advertisement board (in Bowness Bay) has been removed in compliance with the wish of Professor Ruskin"; or the statement made by Dr. Jessopp, in 1888, under "Books that have Helped Me," reprinted from the "Forum," that the reading of the first two volumes of "Modern Painters" was an epoch in his life. Again, on page 159, a reminiscence of Robert Browning records that "at lunch we talked of Ruskin and his art views, with which, it seemed to me, Browning had not much sympathy. . . . 'But never mind,' he said, 'he writes like an angel.'" An amusing reference is to Ruskin's impression, in his diary, of Emerson, and Emerson's allusion to his meeting with Ruskin; the former wrote that he found Emerson's mind "a total blank on matters of art, and had a fearful sense of the whole being of him as a gentle cloud-intangible"; while the latter could not pardon Ruskin for being possessed by so black a devil of despondency.

THE Index—"the work of many years"—runs to no fewer than 689 pages; the number of titles cannot be far short of 25,000, and the fulness of the references may be gathered from the fact that they are more than 150,000 in number. Every topic treated or mentioned by Ruskin and every proper name which occurs in his works are included. Wherever, too, he discusses the use or meaning of particular words they are indexed, and the attempt has been made to include also words which Ruskin coined, or which he applied in some peculiar or distinctive sense, or the use of which is rare in English literature. Among the latter are *argutely*, *hateliness*, *hedghoggy*, *illth*, *nosology*, and *monocondylous*. Ruskin quoted some books very often, and many books sometimes. Of his thousands of allusions, nearly all have been traced in this edition, and appear in the index. Only a few remain for the future gleaner to trace; among these are "Arabian web packed in a walnut shell"; "Clara's first ball"; "If water chokes, what will you do after it?"; and "With blood of Kings and Queens."

## Reviews.

## A STUDY OF IBSEN.

"Henrik Ibsen: A Critical Study." By R. ELLIS ROBERTS.  
(Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

TWENTY years ago the themes which Ibsen used as the material of his plays were the current controversies of men and women who still were young. Thirty years hence, these themes, as he treated them, will serve the essayist and the philosopher as texts for the social and spiritual history of the later nineteenth century. So-and-so, they will write, the Noras and the Stockmanns struggled and evolved in that decade when socialism was just about to grip the masses, and on their heights Tolstoy and Ibsen raised their lonely castles of individualistic protest. They will show our children their grandparents as fascinating, as tragical, as comical as the generation of Godwin and Shelley seems to us to-day. A poet so intensely contemporary as Ibsen is secure of two lives. His brothers listen to him, argue with him, denounce him, follow him. His grandsons study him, analyse him, measure him. But in the interval between these two lives there is apt to come a period of hibernation. His ideas are not, indeed, discarded. On the contrary, they are worn. In all our advances there comes a time when the tattered flag of the vanguard is cut down into uniforms for the main body. The miracle of the loaves and fishes repeats itself; there is always cloth enough to go round. But the chance is, as Mr. Ellis Roberts reminds us, that the ideas are not even now the possession of the average man. They have won, "not acceptance nor agreement, but the right to go unnoticed." No one battles to-day for the right of a Torvald Helmer to keep his Nora in a doll's house; but every street in Europe has none the less its terraces of cages. It is an illusion to think that Ibsen has grown out of date. What was fresh in his day is now a permanent question. The problems which his generation sought to reject as difficulties too harsh for statement, are now the problems which each of us knows he must face and solve. The mood in which we lapse into thinking that Ibsen has no longer any meaning or vitality of thought for us is the mood that comes when we have left the plays for some years unopened on our shelves. We remember only so much as we were fitted to assimilate when last we read them. Take them down again, and the mastery of the character-drawing, the incomparable skill of the construction, will hold you as of old. If you have grown in the interval, the poet will have a new message to convey.

The value of this close and sincere study of Mr. Ellis Roberts lies, to our thinking, in its serenity and detachment. It is the verdict on Ibsen of the second generation. The time is happily gone by for that wrestling with the Philistines in which Mr. Shaw and Mr. Archer had perforce to struggle. The misunderstandings and the abuse which it was their task to answer are remembered now as historical curiosities. Less urgent, too, are the special "problems" (misleading, but convenient word) which form the theme of the several plays. Even the masterly technique needs less insistence in a generation which has largely recovered the sense for natural and living work in the theatre. It is not for any special subtlety of psychology in its exposition, one by one, of the plays that this book is notable, nor yet for any fresh light that it has to shed on their construction. Indeed, the defect of the book is that Mr. Roberts treats Ibsen throughout too exclusively as though he were simply a poet who wrote on paper. He deals only perfunctorily with his position as a dramatist, barely mentions the revolution which he made in the whole European stage, and touches very lightly on his technical inventions and perfections. To the study of so great a master each critic must bring his personal gift. The contribution which makes this book a notable addition to critical literature is its sense for what was fundamental in Ibsen. The master-thoughts of the man, his permanent habit of mind, emerge from this book with a limpidity and definition which we have found in no other critic, however sympathetic. He shows us the whole series of plays, prose and verse, as a great unity, dominated by a conviction and a prepossession. The whole of his critical study is really concentrated in two sentences, and the reader who takes

them with him as a clue will find, in spite of its simplicity, how true and important they are.

"The color of Ibsen's ideas is chiefly shown in his plays by two ever-recurring factors: one, conscious; the other, it would seem, unconscious to the author, at least, in his early manhood. The conscious factor is his insistence on love as the one explaining, redeeming, atoning power in the world; the unconscious is the superiority of women."

We are not clear that the wording of this definition is the happiest which a penetrating criticism could have found. Ibsen did not most naturally think of love in these semi-theological terms. The thought found its classical expression in "Faust," but Ibsen was too realistic a thinker not to have detached it from its medieval setting. Nor are we sure that the "superiority of women" is quite the phrase which most exactly expresses the prepossession which colors nearly all of Ibsen's work. He is nearly always on the woman's side in his plays, but it is noteworthy that, save in his historical works, he drew no single picture of a great or noble woman, and the nearest approach to idealisation is in the portrait of Ella Rentheim. One need only think of Meredith's heroines, above all, Vittoria, to realise the difference of workmanship and conception.

We should ourselves prefer to sum up an analysis which is penetrating and true in somewhat different terms. Ibsen's vision of life was not didactic; it was dramatic, and any statement of his fundamental position must define it in terms of a struggle. It would be tempting to compare him in this contrast of temperament with Tolstoy. The two giants of the last generation had much in common. Both of them were individualists. Both of them had that hatred of forms, conventions, the abstractions of a mechanical theology and the tyranny of the State idea, which we label "Anarchism." Both of them taught a faith in human love and comradeship, and especially in the love between men and women, as the fundamental principle of human life. The lesson of "Brand" and "Borkman," and "When we Dead Awaken," is the lesson also of "Resurrection." The unpardonable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost, is the denial or the refusal of love. Brand sacrificed it to an impassioned sense of duty; Borkman to a financier's ambition; Rurik regarded it as a precious "episode" in the development of his art. To all of these men there came a moment of revelation through the mouth of a woman. Nekhludoff, on the other hand, in "Resurrection," is the sinner against love, whose salvation comes by an internal development, by the revelation of events, by much travail of soul and much reading of the Gospel. One might continue almost throughout the series of the two men's works a parallelism which is curiously close. The "Kreutzer Sonata," for example, deals, like "The Doll's House," with a marriage which was, by the laws of love, no marriage at all. But the difference between the two men is no less important than the correspondence and the spiritual agreement. Tolstoy's gospel can be reduced to a dogma and a system. But in Ibsen the essential thing is not the working out of a "message" or an idea; it is rather the presentation of a struggle. The battle of life, as Ibsen sees it, is a struggle between the claims of love, the individual relations of human beings, on the one hand, and the coercive force of abstractions, conventions, theologies, communal moralities, and the ambitions which handle dead things, on the other. In that struggle it is always the men who stand for the inhuman, impersonal factor, and always the women who perceive and obey the claims of love. Men in this drama are the abstract minds, the political animals; women have the concreteness, the reality, which sees that, in this world of individual souls, the thing that matters is the rare and passionate relationship. The fact was not that Ibsen presented women as superior to men. It was rather that in this struggle he was with the women on the side of individuality against Helmer's regard for convention, Borkman's ambition, and Rurik's art. He is no impartial historian. He is a poet of conflict with all the passions of a partisan. His weakness as a dramatist lay, not so much in a bias which led him to understate the case for his men, as in a certain flinching and slightness of scale, which forbade him to see, with equal insight, the whole significance of the struggle from both sides. His one sympathetic Tory—Rosmer of Rosmersholm—is a pitiable weakling. His conventional husband, Helmer, is quite too obviously a cad. His conventional moralist, Pastor Manders,



is a kind-hearted coward. It is, oddly enough, when he deals with the least attractive of all the impersonal things which struggle against love, that his treatment is the most powerful and the most sympathetic. He makes of Borkman's commercial ambition a superb poetic theme. But with this one wayward exception, it is true that Ibsen, the dramatist of the clash between the personal and the impersonal factors in life, weakens his handling by partisanship. We could ourselves frame an answer to this criticism. Much of this apparent loading of the dice is due to Ibsen's method of retrospect and to his close observance of unities. He shows us his men and women only on the eve of the crisis in their lives. Manders has been stereotyped by a life spent in swinging censers before the altar of abstractions. Rurik has become a cynic as the reward of his service of art for art's sake. Borkman is a mad Napoleon in his garret Elba. Life has already avenged itself on the men who stood for abstractions, and in the hour before the catastrophe they come with ungirt loins to the struggle. Given Ibsen's technique, this defect was inevitable. One may refine upon the wording of Mr. Ellis Roberts's summary, but its substance holds. Ibsen's theme was the warfare of love and women against institutions and abstractions.

#### LAST CHAPTERS ON PITT.

"Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters." By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)

DR. HOLLAND ROSE's final volume on Pitt includes a set of essays on various questions connected with Pitt's career, and a large collection of new letters. Perhaps the most interesting of the essays, in view of the circumstances of to-day, are those on "Pitt and Earl Fitzwilliam" and "Pitt and Relief of the Poor." In the first of these essays Dr. Holland Rose reviews the dealings of Pitt with Fitzwilliam on the Irish question in the light of all the latest evidence. The effect of his relation is to show that Mr. Lecky, in his treatment of those transactions, was partial to Fitzwilliam, and that, so far as the controversy is merely a personal issue between the two men, Pitt has been blamed more severely than he deserved. But, so far as the larger question is concerned—the question, that is, of the management of Ireland and the handling of a great problem—Pitt's character as a statesman gains nothing from this essay. It makes the case against Fitzwilliam's tact and discretion stronger, but it certainly does not rehabilitate Pitt's reputation. Incapacity is stamped on his ideas, his methods, and his conduct. He was afraid of allowing Ireland to have an honest or national Government, or of removing religious inequalities that he regarded as a convenient arrangement for making Irishmen of both religions look to England for protection. Fox had laid down the lines of a liberal Irish policy. "My wish is that the whole people of Ireland should have the same principles, the same system, the same freedom of government, and, though it may be a subordinate consideration, that all classes should have an equal share of emolument; in other words, I would have the whole Irish government regulated by Irish notions and Irish prejudices; and I firmly believe, according to another Irish expression, the more she is under the Irish Government, the more will she be bound to English interests." Pitt shrank from this policy, for reasons disclosed in his question to Parnell, who was rejoicing at the prospect of the union of Catholics and Protestants in Ireland in 1794. "Very true, sir; but the question is, Whose will they be?" In 1805 he stated in the House of Commons that he had felt that "in no possible case" could Catholic emancipation have been conceded previous to the Union "consistently with a due regard to the Protestant interest in Ireland, to the internal tranquillity of that kingdom, the frame and structure of our Constitution, and the probability of the permanent connection of Ireland with this country."

Pitt was thus definitely opposed to the removal of Catholic grievances without union, and, in considering the career of Grattan's Parliament, from 1782 to its dissolution, we must always remember that, throughout the lifetime of that Parliament, Dublin Castle, with its tremendous powers, was in the hands of a Govern-

ment that dreaded the redress of grievances or the abolition of corruption as a menace to English interests. In 1782 Fox had been very well disposed to the idea of an Irish Cabinet, and it is interesting to reflect on the course that Irish history might have taken if the English Government had been in Liberal hands during the next twenty years. Pitt's sentiments on the subject of governing by means of the Protestant garrison were not developed after the Rebellion of 1798, for he wrote a letter in 1784, soon after he became Prime Minister, in which he explained that his policy for Ireland was to unite the Protestant interest "in excluding the Catholics from any share in the representation or government of the country." Pitt, then, used all his influence to prevent Ireland from having truly representative institutions or religious equality. His defenders argue that at least he meant to give Ireland Catholic Emancipation after the Union, but that he was prevented by the King. But to whom, except to Pitt, was it due that the King had this fatal power? And what measures did Pitt take to secure the King's consent, or to promote an enlightened opinion on the subject? He spoke against it in 1805, and blamed Fox for his indifference to the interests of the established Church. "One fact," said Mr. Lecky, "is as certain as anything in Irish history—that if the Catholic question was not settled in 1798, rather than in 1829, it is the English Government, and the English Government alone, that was responsible for the delay." So that Ireland lost by the Union the prize that she might have had thirty years earlier if the English Government had been as liberal as the Irish Protestants.

The essay called "The Relief of the Poor" is very interesting for its summary of the opinions of various magistrates to whom Pitt submitted his Poor Bill. Every one knows about Bentham's famous criticism, but the other criticisms are now published for the first time. Their effect on Pitt was so discouraging as to make him abandon his scheme without any defence. Indeed, his handling of this question is a good illustration of Lord Acton's dictum that, "the strongest of ministers, he was among the weakest of legislators." Pitt's long reign coincided with a most disastrous decline in the condition of the laborers, and, beyond a modest reform of the Settlement Laws, he did nothing for the classes to whom he refused a vote. The scheme which he introduced, and discarded so rapidly, was his own alternative to Whitbread's proposal for a minimum wage. Dr. Rose does less than justice to that proposal, an important proposal, because the chief need of the moment was a rise in wages, and not any scheme of insurance or thrift. Whitbread, Arthur Young, Davies, and others saw that the fall in wages was the gravest social evil of their times. Whitbread's measure was a much more fundamental attempt to deal with social problems than Pitt's ill-fated Bill. Pitt's Bill was a good deal better than it was painted by Bentham, but it contained provisions which, so far from counteracting, would actually have contributed to the decline in wages that marked this period. It is impossible not to contrast the way in which Pitt let social questions slide with the vigor and haste which he showed in passing the Treason and Sedition Bills.

Dr. Rose publishes in this volume a large number of letters from Pitt. One of these records the surprising fact that Pitt was hostile to the Lancaster scheme of education, and that he thought it was very important "to find some safe and effectual substitute." So that he must be included among the politicians who never thought public education was needed until somebody else had started a scheme of which the Church disapproved. One letter to Lord Elcho is a neat reply to a complaint that an earlier letter had been unanswered: "I should certainly most readily have acknowledged the zeal for the public service which dictated your first letter if, in the midst of other business, it had not inadvertently escaped me; but I own that I have not the good fortune to enter sufficiently into your ideas, as stated in either paper, to lead me to trouble you further on the subject." There is an interesting conversation between the King and Adams, Pitt's private secretary, which shows that there were respects in which Pitt resembled Parnell. "When Adams confessed the many delinquencies of his master in leaving letters unanswered, the King struck in, 'I have frequently said to Mr. Pitt the next time I saw him after I

had written to him, "Mr. Pitt, I did not receive an answer to that letter I wrote to you the other day." He then (continued Adams) described Mr. Pitt's embarrassment and 'hems' and 'Sirs,' by which it was evident 'he had never read my letter at all.' The King talked of Mr. Pitt's style, which he admired for its point and conciseness. He then asked after Pitt's time of rising. Adams: He was seldom stirring before twelve o'clock, sir. The King: Ah, he ruined his health by these late hours. I believe he was not fond of doing business after dinner. Adams: No, sir, he was not. I seldom went to him in the evening, unless there was something particular to be done. His rule was to finish everything before dinner."

There are many interesting letters from the King, Grenville, Windham, and Burke. One of Burke's letters contains the following sentence: "In the name of God, what is the meaning of this project of Mr. Pitt's concerning the further relief of the poor? What relief do they want, except that which it will be difficult indeed to give, to make them more frugal or more industrious?"

### THE STORY OF THE AMAZON.

"In the Amazon Jungle." By ALGOT LANGE. (Putnam's 10s. 6d. net.)

It is a strange thought that less is known in Europe of the greatest river of the world, flowing through a region claimed and occupied for four centuries by a race of European origin, than is known of the minor streams of Central Africa, whose course upon most maps was, fifty years ago, a blank, or at best a dotted line. For every work that has been published on the Amazon, a score have been issued on the Congo. The Zambesi, the Niger, the Nile—geographical problems up to the nineteenth century—are household words to-day, while few but school-boys ever think upon that greatest of the earth's waters, which could swallow the three of them without any apparent growth in its mighty volume. And yet the Amazon has two large and thriving cities, centres of European civilisation, on its shores, and is navigated in one month by more large steamers than ply upon these African waterways in a twelvemonth. To explain this phenomenon—for it is nothing less—would be to open up a controversial subject that the Monroe Doctrine, to cite perhaps the chief of latter-day opposing influences, closes to profitable European discussion. But long before the Monroe Doctrine came the Amazon was a forbidden stream. Portuguese, even more than Spaniards, believed that a colony could only be profitable by closing it to all but the privileged few. A more than Chinese exclusion, without the Chinese intellect, industry, or teeming life, kept the Amazon Valley shut to the world—the theatre of the most sordid effort to enslave a primitive population that perhaps Christianity has ever tolerated. Not that Christianity did not oppose. The sole active force, during three centuries of Portuguese misrule, to save and uplift the Indian tribes was that of the Jesuits. The followers of Loyola were the only friends the Indians had, and could their gentle and far-reaching statesmanship have triumphed over secular greed, the condition of the Amazon Valley to-day would be very different from what we find it.

The Portuguese who landed on the coasts of Brazil in the sixteenth century found there numerous peoples, "easy of assimilation, to judge from the testimony of the early navigators. They were sober, trustful, docile, and ingenious, and withal fond of merriment and rejoicing." Upon these happy and confiding savages the invaders fell with but one thought—to capture and enslave them. The natural resistance offered provoked further violence and crime. The enmity towards a people who dared to defend their palm-thatched huts, and to fight, with naked bodies, for their women and children, assumed the forms we are acquainted with in lands much nearer the seats of learning. The exploited always lose their characters along with their freedom. The Brazilian Indians were said to be outside the pale of humanity, and it was gravely disputed in European universities whether they were of the race of men or animals. The question, so far as the universities were concerned, was settled by the Bulls of Paul III. in 1537, and of Urban VIII.

in 1539. So far as the Indians were affected, it has not been settled, on the spot, to-day—save in so far as where formerly the fate of millions of men was academically discussed, to-day the rubber-hunter finds only a few scattered hundreds, or at most a paltry thousand or two, to convert to human semblance by his machete and rifle.

One of the Jesuit fathers—Padre Vieira—records that in little over thirty years after the coming of the Portuguese, "more than two millions of Indians were slaughtered or killed by bad treatment in the province of Maranhão alone." This Brazilian province, to-day confined to a region lying south of the Amazon, formerly embraced the greater part of the course of that river claimed by Portugal. The remnant of these murdered millions was declared by the Portuguese Crown in 1680 to be "the first and natural owners of that region"; but, despite the proclamations of a distant sovereign and the exalted efforts of the Jesuits, the will of the slave-hunter prevailed. These ignorant and degraded men were stronger than Church and State. To catch an Indian boy or girl, or capture a mere handful of fugitives, the central house of a tribe would be surrounded and fired, and all but a fraction massacred. Such scenes as these, recorded again and again in the scattered pages of Amazon travel throughout the nineteenth century, and even coming down to our own days, have left but few of these naked martyrs for the chase.

One may travel for hundreds of miles to-day along the course of the great rivers which enter the main stream, and not encounter a single native Indian. The richest of all the Amazon tributaries, the Purús, which annually yields to the markets of the world many millions sterling of indiarubber, cannot produce at this moment a single Indian settlement, village, or hut, along its forty or fifty days' course of steam navigation. Scores of well-equipped vessels, lit with electric light, plough its waters, and bring to Manaus for shipment to Europe and America thousands of tons of the best rubber in the world, and the forest whence this wealth is drawn lies a silent and tenantless waste—a graveyard of forgotten peoples. As late as 1884, Paul Fountain, in his charming work, "The Great Mountains and Forests of South America," records the existence still of scattered tribes of wild Indians along the Purús.

"They displayed much desire for steel knives, scissors, and hatchets, and the women for needles and threads, which, though it is certain they had never seen before, they immediately showed a great aptitude in using, after watching us mending our clothes; and one woman actually made a sort of sleeved garment for her baby with surprising skill. Pieces of cloth and linen which we gave them, they at once converted into aprons. . . . The day we left, the women and children and some of the men sat on the shore and wept bitterly, often raising a loud cry. Most of them followed along the bank of the river until nearly the close of the day."

They are all gone now. He who follows Mr. Fountain up the Purús in 1912 will not have to record either the childish faults, the pitiful attentions, or the spontaneous gratitude of these poor, naked wanderers by the father of waters, nor admit, as he does, a generous "heart-ache" at their misery. Where have our hearts been all these years, with the great "river of the Amazons" pouring forth its mighty tale of waters to the untroubled ocean, and its greater tale of human wrong to a still more untroubled humanity?

Mr. Algot Lange, in the book before us, gives but an imperfect picture of the Amazon "jungle," although he takes us, in the closing scenes, among the "cannibal" Mangeromas, a band of survivors of a once much more numerous native tribe that formerly inhabited the country traversed by the river Javari. This river, one of the least considerable of the Southern affluents of the Amazon, forms the boundary, throughout its course of some 600 miles, between Peru and Brazil. Although Bates, in his "Naturalist on the Amazon," speaks of the Mangeromas (he spells it "Mangeronas"), and even records an instance of their cannibalism that he clearly believed to be authentic, it is still a doubtful question how far any of the Amazonian tribes were ever, properly speaking, cannibals. They certainly were not man-eaters in the sense that many Congolese at the present day are, or Pacific Islanders were up to a recent period. Those savages did not eat their enemies as a mere religious ceremony—a culinary rite to temper the dry ritual of superstition with an appetising diversion. In Africa, on



the Pacific sands, man was flesh, the best of flesh—"meat" in the one case, "long pig" in the other. These were the true anthropophagi—the people who carried, not their own heads, but the heads of their enemies in their hands—and all that they did not eat to-day they smoked or sun-cured for to-morrow. The Amazon Indian, even his detractors allow, is only a ritualistic cannibal. The Mangeromas whom Mr. Lange beheld at their orgie, while they had a score of stout enemies to devour, cut off only the feet and hands. The French engineer, Robuchon, who perished on the Japurá (another Amazon tributary) in 1906, and whose work was issued at Lima in 1907, in his recital of a similar scene, declares that the Indians of that region eat only "the head and the arms" of those they killed, and that neither women nor children were permitted to take part in the feast, which he describes as being "invested with all the character of an act of religious ritual." That those who participated in the ceremony—the grown men or warriors—did not regard it as the gratification of appetite, M. Robuchon makes clear by asserting that after each man had partaken of a morsel of the flesh, he threw the piece he held aside and, putting his fingers in his throat, "provoked a fit of vomiting." Some who have followed in M. Robuchon's footsteps declare that his statement is not true, and that no proof exists to-day of cannibalism among these people.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Lange should have lost his camera before he reached, in an almost dying condition, the settlement of the Mangeromas in the forest. The only photograph his book contains of an Indian represents a youth of this tribe in the act of shooting a poisoned arrow from his blow-pipe at a monkey. The pose of the Indian in this act is not in accordance with the attitude all travellers in the Amazon woodlands assign to the Indians when using this weapon. "In taking aim, the pipe is held by both hands close to the mouth, and not with one arm stretched along the barrel, as when aiming with a gun," writes Mr. Fountain; while Mr. Lange's Mangeroma is depicted with outstretched arm in the very pose that is never assumed. For the rest, Mr. Lange's book is not of great interest, and he fails to clothe his subject in colors of reality. The "Snake Story," told at pages 218-225, might be cited. Here we are asked to believe that a rubber-worker named José Perreira was deliberately called out of his canoe and hypnotised by an anaconda on the river's bank, until "helpless as a child he awaited his fate," and was only saved by passing companions who heard his "sobbing from the bank," and, landing, discovered him "forced by some strange power to the spot where he now was." Fortunately, they unearched and shot the guilty party, a boa-constrictor, under a tree root. It measured exactly seventy-nine palms (of the hand), "or 52 ft. 8 ins." Brazilians measure everything by the "palm." This magnificent specimen was easily beaten by one Mr. Lange himself shot on a sand-bank, which he measured with his own palm, using the span between the "thumb and little finger-tips as a unit, knowing that this was exactly eight inches." This reptile gave "84 times 8, divided by 12 . . . exactly 56 ft. as the total length." Happily the skin was taken and measured later, when dried, 54 ft. 8 ins., and as it was boxed for shipment to New York, it will be surely exhibited in Mr. Lange's native country.

The writer was told of a snake on the Javari which, when at home, lived in a pool communicating with the river in flood-time, that was "as long as the steamer." It travelled—wisely—at night, and was seen coming down stream one evening on the Brazilian side with "two red head-lights"—its eyes keenly seeking the entrance to its pool in Peruvian territory. This snake was not shot, and doubtless still navigates the Javari, unless it may have been substituted for that river itself as the boundary between the two Republics. Every Amazon lake or pool has its resident snake—the "Mother of the Water"—and the length of some of these monsters, on the evidence of neighbors, cannot be given in this brief review. It is greatly to be hoped that the skin Mr. Lange so carefully preserved was not left behind when, at the end of 1910, he embarked for New York, and said farewell to fevers and snakes and "seringueiros" as he quitted Remate de Males, that "culmination of evils" which Brazilian rubber-seeking has erected at the furthest point of its forest dominion.

## PARSON AND DEMOCRAT.

"I Remember: Memories of a 'Sky Pilot' in the Prison and the Slum." By JOHN WILLIAM HORSLEY, M.A. (Wells Gardner. 7s. 6d. net.)

PRISON and Slum! Stone-grey or drab-grey spheres, if the reader chooses; but both, in truth, tip-top literary themes. Happy the author who can write of them at first hand! Curiously, Canon Horsley interests us less when he talks of prison than when he gets a-slumming as a democratic parson in Woolwich and Walworth. On the subject of gaol he is not at all so rousing as Dr. Morrison, another sky-pilot of the cell, and the first, we fancy, who had the courage to bring officialdom about his ears. Canon Horsley's own prison record is, as we have always heard, one of the very best, and we are sure he could have managed the topic more effectively than he has done in these earnest and admirable pages. He was ten years chaplain of the old Clerkenwell Prison, and a hundred thousand prisoners passed through his hands. Now, the writer knows that when it comes to talking on this matter the Canon can hold a listener in thrall, for he once sat with him two fascinating hours in his study at Woolwich. "Reclaim women?" said Canon Horsley; "Of course you can! The maid that showed you in has done time, and I never had a better servant." But of the many strange tales the writer heard that afternoon, he recognises one only in the volume under notice. Certainly, it is unique. Canon Horsley had to take a Christmas service at Newgate. There had been a delivery of the gaol, and but one prisoner remained in ward. He was to be hanged at nine next morning. Think of the feelings of the clergyman as he mounted into the pulpit to preach to this man at a moment's notice a Christmas and funeral sermon! This story Canon Horsley tells, but it is one among few. His experiences of prison are comprised in two not very long or very illustrative chapters; would he or could he sit down to it, he has a volume of the richest in his memory. To this it is proper to add that he has written much sterling stuff on prison that will never see print. Nowadays the Commissioners' annual report is swollen with perfunctory memoranda by chaplains and medical officers (two members of the staff, who, had they free speech, could always enlighten us), which are scarcely worth a glance. But before the opinions of chaplains had "the honor of burial in a Blue Book," Canon Horsley was privately pegging away at the Commissioners with his own notions of reform—

"and I remember a prison inspector seeing one of my first reports, and saying: 'It is very good of you to take all this trouble, but you don't suppose anyone will read it?'"

This was in the 'seventies. At present we get the printed reports of chaplains and doctors, but not their opinions. When the reports embody the opinions they will be, or should be, worth reading.

Of the suggestions put forward by Canon Horsley, several have been adopted. One of the wisest will, sooner or later, be on trial:—

"In every county a refuge and testing-place for males and females on their discharge from long sentences. Many are no more fit for liberty than a hothouse plant is fit to be planted out in the open-air."

In 1889 Canon Horsley accepted the living of Holy Trinity, Woolwich, and entered on a new stage in his career. The course is thus indicated:—

"It was at once evident, from the state of the alms touching, but decorously out of sight behind, the church, that I must war against municipal neglect and private profits."

Woolwich, in brief, meant for the democratic parson the Housing Problem. Into the thirty-two acres of the low-lying Thames parish of Holy Trinity were crammed 4,300 people—125 to the acre. In a warm summer, the river was a mere open sewer; "the lifting of a brick in a yard showed a substratum of sewage." "Whole streets were without dust-bins. Cellars were used as bedrooms." The one official of the local board had 5,000 houses to inspect, and into the worst corners he penetrated about once in five years. In this congested and infected area the new rector became the people's tribune and the landlords' bogey. The local board was agast at his schemes for reform, and the landlords' organ talked of "coercion for Woolwich." Presently, however, Canon Horsley was able to report—

"progress all along the line—landlords were making a virtue of necessity; plumbers and jobbers were making their fortunes;

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tenants were alive to their rights, and knew how to get the laws passed for their protection put into force. One hundred and twenty-six houses were dealt with under the Housing of the Working Classes Act during the year, and I noted that out of 233 complaints in the book of the Board, 127 had been lodged by me as secretary of the local committee of the Mansion House Council."

Neither the clergy of the Establishment (one excepted) nor the Nonconformist ministers lent the fighting parson any countenance, but the representatives of those whom he had helped to lift out of squalor backed him to a man; and their testimonial to him when he went from Woolwich to St. Peter's, Walworth, is a rather different sort of document from the common things of its class. It is a kind of slogan. We should like to quote the whole of it; we can give but a few lines:—

"Your name, Sir, has been a terror to slum-owners, rack-renters, and other exploiters of the poorest, and, therefore, most defenceless, of our class, who, by their insanitary death-traps and sweating proclivities, induce conditions which result in crime and lunacy, disease and premature death."

"The prey of these harpies—the democracy—applaud you for the courageous declaration made in your farewell sermon of January, 1894, viz., that never would you confine yourself to spiritual duties whilst the people were in squalor and misery; and emphatically endorse your statement that 'to preach temperance, sobriety, and chastity to dwellers in insanitary dens, without attempting to ameliorate their condition, is a canting absurdity.'"

The story of Walworth, so far as it concerns Canon Horsley, is pretty much the story of Woolwich. "Fourteen thousand people in a parish of about six hundred yards square, and some twenty acres of it worn-out slums, now happily cleared, when the leases ran out, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners." Under the new Parish Councils Act the Canon was elected Chairman of the vestry, and lost little time in turning on the steam. In a single year attention to assessment, especially in the matter of public-houses, resulted in a gain of over £12,000 to the parish. Sampling was properly done under the Food and Drugs Act; sanitary defects remedied rose to 22,000; street-lighting (a matter of peculiar importance in slum parishes) was attended to; a children's playground was opened. The rector of St. Peter's, in fact, was "marching against Philip," precisely as the rector of Holy Trinity had done. Does anyone ask where the clerical work comes in? We might answer offhand that in parishes of slums all this is clerical work of the best practical kind (work albeit that a clergyman, as a clergyman, may wofully and direfully neglect); but let these two passages be culled from a parochial letter:—

"1. That after any and every service I shall be at the disposal of anyone who desires such information, help, or guidance as I can give.

"2. That I shall extremely dislike any apology such as men often in courtesy make, for 'taking up my time.' I shall have no time of my own. A priest is always on duty."

How the Canon tackled the racing tipsters; how in holidays he carried Woolwich to the Alps, and later into Palestine, and was Jehu to cripples and beldams on jaunts by brake to Epping; how he made a great, notorious, and inestimable collection of Snails, to the wonder and delight of audiences in lecture halls—this, and much else, may here be read. It is an eminent book. Mr. Carnegie might do worse than buy and bind it suitably in quantities for presents to the clergy of all denominations. At sixty-six, Canon Horsley has the dash and hope and intrepidity of youth—the "forty-parson power" that Byron cried out for. May his ample and impressive beard increase!

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Empress Josephine." By the Baron de MENEVAL. Translated by D. D. FRASER. (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. net.)

ALTHOUGH Baron de Meneval has made use of some unpublished letters, written by Queen Hortense and Napoleon III. to the Abbé Bertrand, his book contains very little in the way of fresh material about the Empress Josephine. His object in writing it has been to vindicate Josephine from what he considers to be the unfair treatment of a number of recent historians. But though Baron de Meneval does not conceal his admiration for Napoleon's divorced wife, his estimate of her character is fairer than the uncritical praise

of some of her other advocates. He admits that she was frivolous, extravagant, and too wanting in seriousness on certain grave occasions, though he tries to make little of the evidence for her loose conduct during the years before her marriage with Napoleon. On the other hand, he makes out a strong case for her innocence of the charges brought against her while Bonaparte was in Egypt. "An essentially good woman, charitable without ostentation, devoid of malice, and even of bitterness, against those who tried to injure her," is Baron de Meneval's summing-up of Josephine's character, though this is qualified by admissions which take away a good deal from the force of the first four words. She certainly loved Napoleon in her own way, and undoubtedly he owed a good deal to her knowledge of the world. But she was hardly "an essentially good woman" in the common meaning of the words. Her faults, indeed, were more superficial than her qualities, and Baron de Meneval does full justice to the latter. His book is an interesting contribution to the study of a fascinating period.

\* \* \*

"A Night in the Luxembourg." By REMY DE GOURMONT. With a Preface and Appendix by ARTHUR RANSOME. (Swift. 5s. net.)

WE doubt whether many Englishmen (or any Frenchmen) will accept Mr. Ransome's estimate of the book he has translated. M. de Gourmont has done better work, both creative and critical, and the influence of M. Anatole France is evident throughout the volume. The framework of the book describes how a journalist, attracted by a strange light in a window of Saint-Sulpice, meets there a reincarnation of Christ or Apollo, who instructs him in the Epicurean philosophy and the life of the gods, and presents him to three goddesses. It is all very elegant, very cynical, very Parisian, and occasionally very blasphemous; but what Mr. Ransome calls its "crystalline Epicureanism" is, after all, little more than a literary pose. Mr. Ransome's mannered appendix hardly does justice to M. de Gourmont's real intellectual qualities. Some estimate of his critical work would have been of more value than the information that "a copper chain hangs as bell-rope to his door," that "he pokes at the little, brimless skull-cap, and twists it a quarter of a circle on his head," and that "he rolls and lights cigarettes." In fact, Mr. Ransome's efforts to catch the decadent spirit, in vogue some years ago in certain French circles, often lands him in sheer nonsense. We must admit, however, that his translation is well done. It is faithful and accurate in spirit and in letter.

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\* \* \*

THE "Contemporary Review" for June opens with a valuable article by Sir Edwin Pears on "The Situation in Turkey." While admitting that the Committee of Union and Progress has failed in Macedonia and Albania, Sir Edwin Pears believes that the country "has made as much progress since July, 1908, as ought reasonably to have been expected." Mr. Erskine Childers contrasts "The Home Rule Bill and the Unionist Alternative," arguing that the latter is ready to pay any price "to stupefy the national instinct for self-reliance and self-government." Other articles deserving notice are "The Titanic Disaster," by Commander Bellairs, "Père Hyacinthe," by the Dean of Ripon, and "The Position of Woman Suffrage," by Mr. E. Crawshaw-Williams, M.P.—Mr. Mallock leads off in the "Nineteenth Century" by a discussion of "Labor Unrest as a Subject of Official Investigation," and is followed by M. Philippe Millet on "The Truth about the Franco-

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German Crisis of 1911." In "The Failure of Post-Bismarckian Germany," Mr. Ellis Barker contends that "Germany is politically, militarily, economically, administratively, and morally on the down grade," and there are also articles on "Welsh Disestablishment" by the Bishop of North Queensland and the Rev. A. Westall, on "The Ulster Scot in the United States" by Mr. A. G. Bradley, and on "Home Rule and Federalism" by Professor Morgan. —In the "Fortnightly Review," first place is given to a striking poem, "The Convergence of the Twain" (on the loss of the "Titanic") by Mr. Thomas Hardy. The European situation is discussed by two writers who sign themselves "Democritus" and "Politicus," the former arguing powerfully against Sir Edward Grey's policy, while the latter gives a long series of extracts, showing the hostility to this country displayed by the German Press. Mr. Sydney Brooks contributes an excellent article on "Sir Horace Plunkett and his Work"; Mr. Horace B. Samuel writes on "August Strindberg," and there is a powerful sketch of the time of Nero by Mr. Henry W. Nevinston, entitled "Qualis Artifex!" —In the "National Review," Mr. Lovat Fraser writes on the Bagdad Railway, Mr. A. D. Steel-Maitland, M.P., on the finance of the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Arnold White on the ethics of political intrigue, and Mr. Maurice Low on American affairs, while Mr. Austin Dobson gives a biographical sketch of the French sailor, Bailli de Suffren. —"The English Review" gives, as usual, more space to poetry than the other monthlies. There are poems by Mr. Arthur Symms, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. Ezra Pound, and Mr. D. H. Lawrence, while Mr. Henry Newbolt continues his "New Study of English Poetry." Other contributors of stories and sketches are Mr. W. H. Hudson, Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. J. D. Beresford, and Mr. Chris. Massie. The political articles include "Liberalism in the Village," by Mr. L. March Phillips, "The Conservative Party and Home Rule," by Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh, M.P., and "Syndicalism," by Mr. Odon Por and Mr. F. M. Atkinson.

### The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, May 31.	Price Friday morning, June 7.
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THE Stock Markets have rallied a little, but they are not yet recovered from the Marconi collapse and the series of failures which that foolish frenzy of speculation brought about. The failure of the Dock Strike has, of course, given satisfaction in the City, but there is still a nervous apprehension of labor unrest which keeps back Home Railways, and checks speculation in the Industrial Market. Mexican Rails have been more cheerful, thanks to improving traffic returns and to reports that the revolt against President Madero is at last being subdued. Meanwhile, Wall Street is in a state of hopefulness about the crops (which are now going ahead with hot weather), and of growing anxiety about political conditions. There has never been greater uncertainty than is now felt about the Republican Convention at Chicago. Bankers and business men are being interviewed to find out how they think Roosevelt's nomination, and possible election, will affect the markets. Most of them appear to think that his Presidency would be disastrous to the country; but others believe that he would be very tender with the trusts in practice, though he would use big words against them. My best authority tells me privately (he is one of the Republican leaders) that Taft will get the official nomination; but the general view in the States seems to be that Roosevelt will triumph, though a good Democratic candidate ought to be able to defeat him.

#### SPECULATIVE INVESTMENTS.

Just now, after the Marconi slump, and the revelations in Nigerian tin mines, the markets are rather sad and sore; but this ought to be a good time for

the quiet and cool investor who likes to pick up popular favorites when they are out of favor, trusting that they will return to fashion in due season. From his point of view, it is possible that the Rubber and Gold-mining Markets, which have been neglected now for a rather long time, may be worth inspection. But it may be well to interject a few preliminary cautions. In both cases the yields, taking last year's dividends and present prices, look high. But a mine is a wasting asset, and, unless the life of it is well known, and there is good reason to be able to judge whether the ore will be as rich in the future as in the past, you cannot say whether a 10 per cent. or even a 20 per cent. yield is worth looking at. The case of rubber is still more perplexing. For the profits of rubber companies depend upon the difference between the market price and the cost of production. But owing to labor and other causes, the cost of production has been rising; and, at the same time, the price tends to fall, as the output grows even faster than the demand. On the other hand, it is just possible that another great expansion of demand might lift the price of rubber, and bring on another boom like the last one.

#### THE MONEY MARKET.

Monetary conditions are now more comfortable, thanks to the heavy discounting of bills at the Bank last week, and there is not likely to be another severe squeeze until the end of June. The Capital Market is, however, being heavily drawn upon, and the response is not very encouraging. The Danish Loan—a cheap gilt-edged 4 per cent. security at 97—has not gone well. The public evidently wants a high rate of interest rather than a perfect security. The Moscow Loan is, I understand, one of many Russian issues which are being prepared for the London Market. It is said that Russia would like to borrow one hundred millions sterling—a heavy price to pay for the *Entente*! It is a dangerous field for those who want to sleep quietly on their investments.

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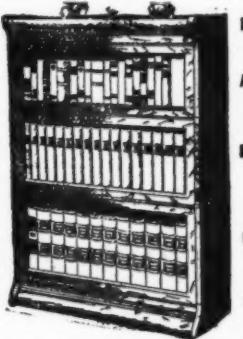
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